

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By C. ARNOLD.
(*Cornelius*)



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year M.DCC.LVII.

COLLEGE

OF

THE EAST INDIES

UNIVERSITY



1850

1850

THE
C O N T E N T S.

OSMAN: *An Historical Tragedy.*
Commerce.

Distress: A Poetical Essay.

The Mirror.

The Riddle: A Tale.

London: A Satire.

The Royal Chace.

Written in an Alcove near Orpington in Kent.

On the Tragedy of E——a.

The Force of Beauty.

On Miss Esther H——s.

*Acrostic, on Sir Peter Warren, Admiral on board the In-
vincible at Sea.*

*On the Adam and Eve, badly painted in the Head-way of
the Invincible.*

On the Battle of Fontenoy.

An Answer to some Lines.

On Mr. G——k's Petition.

The Important Question.

The CONTENTS.

Colin and Belinda ; a Dialogue.

The Beau, in Answer to the Belle.

An Antigallican Song.

The Bequest.

The Fond Nymph.

The Invocation ; a Song.

The Happy Maid ; a Song.

On its being reported that Lord O——d repents.

On Water-Gruel, by Desire ; occasioned by a singular Adventure.

On the Freedom of the City being presented to the Right Hon. William Pitt, and the Right Hon. Henry Bilson Legge, Esqrs.

The Butterfly and Ant ; a Fable.

The Swan and Gander ; a Fable.

Part of the Twelfth Chapter of the Second Book of Samuel render'd into Verse, nearly verbatim.

Psalms the Forty-sixth.

Proverbs the Third Chapter.

The Wish.

T O

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SUBSCRIBERS.

YOU have been pleased to honour these trifling Productions of my Pen, with your Names; (the Result at different Times of my leisure Hours) as there is little, if any Merit in them, greater the Obligation for the Favour conferred on

Your very humble Servant,

CORNELIUS ARNOLD.

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* * Several Gentlemen having intimated their Desire, too late for the Press, of being Subscribers, it is intended, the ensuing Winter, to reprint this Work; when the Author will be obliged to any Gentleman who will honour him with his Name, in a Line directed to him, at Mr Mason's Chambers, N^o 1, Elm-Court, in the Temple.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*I*T is almost unnecessary to inform the Readers, that the Tragedy in this Collection is founded on a Catastrophe, which happen'd at Constantinople in the Year 1624; and that the Unities of the Drama are not attended to: Its many Imperfections are submitted to their Candour.

To

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD *B L A K E N E Y*.

My LORD,

I HAVE the Honour of addressing this Performance to your Lordship, as presiding over the Laudable Order of ANTIGALLICANS; perhaps, the most laudable ~~se-~~ of any at this Time existing; an Order of the best Institution; calculated for Ends of the highest Importance: I need not expatiate; its Title implies it, its Motto evinces it, its Laws enforce it; to oppose the Interest and Designs of *France*, and to discountenance her Manufactures, being the Basis of its Institution—an Institution, at this Crisis of Time particularly, the most eminent.

To be an ANTIGALLICAN, my Lord, implies every Thing great; a Lover of our Country—an Enemy to *France*, as her inveterate Foe: We have for a long Series of Years been blessed with the Enjoyment of Peace and Property; how long this happy Scene may exist, or how soon we may be involved in those Calamities, which the Regions around us feel, and which we are so happy only

to

DEDICATION.

to hear off, is yet reserved in the Book of Fate ; which Calamities, I flatter myself, by Divine Assistance, are greatly in our Power, as ANTIGALLICANS, to avert; were we hearty, zealous, and indefatigable in our Country's Cause; like the fam'd *Spartans* of old at the Straits of *Thermopylae*, we might make a noble Stand, and save her in the most perilous Time: This, my Lord, may be looked on as an Hyperbole; but as our Plan might be greatly improved, I conceive it not impracticable: A red Coat, my Lord, does not make a Man brave; in order to it, may Courage, Virtue, and Publick Spirit, be the distinguishing Characteristics of every ANTIGALLICAN; may our Songs be martial; may our Admission of Members be seriously attended to, and their Initiation strongly enforced; and that the Order of ANTIGALLICANS, may long flourish under the Auspices of Lord BLAKENEY, is the ardent Desire of a Brother, and, my Lord,

Your LORDSHIP's

Most obedient humble Servant,

CORNELIUS ARNOLD.

The Persons.
O S M A N:

A N

HISTORICAL

W O M E N.
TRAGEDY.

The Persons.

M E N.

OSMAN, *Emperor of the Turks.*
AMURATH, *Emperor on the deposing of Osman.*
ASHAD, *the Mufti, Father of Aphendina.*
DILAVER, *Grand Vizier.*
USSAIN, *Grand Vizier, on the Resignation of Dilaver.*
ZORAVINSE, } *Embassadors from the King of Poland.*
SOBIESKI, }
Aga of the Janizaries.
Lieutenant of the Janizaries.
ALY Aga, *chosen by the Janizaries in the Rebellion.*
Bassa of Bosnia, *a Partizan of Kiossem.*
DAUT, *last made Vizier by Amurath.*
HUSSAN, *in Credit with Osman.*
Officers of the Janizaries, and Spahis.

W O M E N.

MIRZA, *Sultana Queen.*
APHENDINA, *Daughter of Ashad.*
KIOSEM, *Mother of Amurath.*
PHESALIE, *Woman to Mirza.*
ELISANA, *Woman to Aphendina.*
Counsellors, Master of the Works, Secretary, Cadileskiers,
Bassas, Beglerbegs, Couriers, Janizaries, Odalisks,
Mutes, Pages, Eunuchs, Guards, &c.

O S M A N.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Camp.

Enter Aga and Lieutenant of the Janizaries, meeting.

A G A.

GOOD-DAY, Lieutenant! Sir, what News
abroad?

L I E U T E N A N T.

They talk of Peace; the Sword will soon be sheath'd.
Know you the Cause, the Reasons, noble Sir?

A G A.

Many assign'd——'Tis said, his Highness brooks
But ill our Order, matching not his Spirit:

B

Is

Is it not strange, my Friend ! that one so young,
 Should thus outstrip us in the Race of Glory ;
 Should still be foremost in each bold Emprise,
 Each hardy Toil——O ! how it shameth those,
 Lolling inglorious on their Mother's Lap,
 Or in soft Dalliance trifling with the Fair ;
 While *Osman* in the Field performs such Deeds,
 The bravest Veteran would be proud to own.

L I E U T E N A N T.

Surely, a matchless Youth ! Name but the Task
 Which Honour stamps, he wou'd atchieve, or fall
 In the Attempt——and still his Courtesy
 Adds Lustre to his Sword——I have been told,
 E're the eighth annual Sun roll'd o'er his Head,
 As many Languages did grace his Tongue.

A G A.

'Tis true ; in Science as in Valour——great——
 Whene'er he talks of State perplex'd Affairs,
 Fond Admiration holds the Hearer mute——
 Of War——each feeble Arm is brac'd for Battle.
 But O the Day ! had you but mark'd the Youth,
 When with his single Arm, alone, unaided ;
 Dauntless he stemm'd the Tide of furious War——
 Curse on our coward Corps ! they wou'd not rally,

Not

O S M A N.

3

Not back their Emperor, who onward press'd,
And bravely snatch'd the Laurel from the Foe.

L I E U T E N A N T.

Amazement at his Prowess, noble Aga!
Their Faculties suspended——Shield him, Heaven!
We ne'er were bless'd with such a Prince——Farewel,
Most worthy Aga!

A G A.

Farewel, Lieutenant!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

The Sultan's Pavilion in his Camp.

OSMAN *sitting, reading a Paper.*

O S M A N.

IT shall be so——This beauteous Woman's Form
Unbends Attention to the Call of Glory——
All my Resolves of Fortitude are vain——
The *Poles* shall then have Peace——and I'll return
Victorious——But——in *Aphendina's* Love——

[*Rises.*]

B 2

Her

——Her Soul's a Stranger to the Art of Flattery——

One Set of Principles infus'd in both,

Under her pious Father's Institution,

Is the unrav'ling Clue by which we trace

The Maze and Windings of each other's Heart.

——How oft do I reflect——pleasing Review!

When as yet Children in our wonted Sports,

I cou'd not brook to gain Advantage o'er her——

Oft wou'd in Exercise retard my Force,

Rather than vanquish where she'd lose the Prize——

Nor could she joy for any Victory,

Equal to that I acquiesc'd to grant her——

How would the Blush rise mantling on her Cheek!

The sweet Confusion——

[Enter Ashad.

A S H A D.

Let not, Sir, your Slave

Break in upon his Lord unseas'nably——

If so, command me hence——

O S M A N.

Your coming's opportune;

I'm but perusing of the late Dispatch

Your Daughter sent me——faithful *Aphendina*!

She loves me, Mufti, sues for my Return,

And I'm resolv'd to honour her Request.

Too

O S M A N.

5

Too many Reasons bias me to Peace:
The dastard Carriage of my Janizaries
Hath been apparent thro' this whole Campaign——
Of strong Inforcement this——Yet this weighs light
With the Affection which I bear your Daughter——

A S H A D.

Her Happiness therein exceeds Proportion——
Nor shall it stain your Glory, Sir, to grant
Recess from Arms to the Vanquish'd: I've advis'd——
Nay, urg'd the Vizier to conclude the Peace——

O S M A N.

Father! My Glory's still your prime Regard——
Your Conduct I approve——Princes never
Shine more conspicuous than in Clemency——
To overcome the Lust of Pow'r's Extent——
To restore Kingdoms to their Lord subdued,
Proclaim a noble Soul, and rank us higher
Than the bare Conquest of th' Earth could raise us.

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

*The Camp.**Two Officers of the Janizaries.**First OFFICER.*

ONCE more we've Hope to see the *Porte* again ;
 The Vizier's on the Spur to sign the Treaty——
Osman, neglecting too his Thirst for Arms,
 Grows hourly more impatient to decamp——
 All Articles are settled——and e'en now
 The Deputies attend at the Divan,
 To ratify in Form a solid Peace——

Second OFFICER.

I' th' North perhaps——but e're we reach the *Porte*,
 The Head of *Osman* will have form'd new Projects,
 To drain his Empire, and consume his Forces.

First OFFICER.

I fear some other Schemes engage his Mind——
 You've heard how he digested our Defeat——
 How he exclaimed against our Cowardice,
 (So free to term it thus.)——Can he imagine
 Our Lives of so mean Value, to be lavish'd

In

In careless Pastime at our Leader's Nod,
Without an Argument to push us on——
What did the *Poles* to us, or our Allies,
That should demand th' Effusion of this Blood?——
Mere hot-brain'd Frenzy!--Have we not lost thousands?--
Wasted our Strength in traversing steep Mountains!
In passing Rivers at the utmost Peril!
And all to gratify a Child's Ambition——

Second O F F I C E R.

The Sultan's present Treatment of our Order,
'Treasures Disgust in ev'ry wary Breast.
When I approach'd him for the Nightly Word,
His low'ring Brow, collected to Resentment,
Flashing Contempt and Indignation at me,
Bespoke the inward Rancor of his Soul——
——I dread the Consequence at our Return——
But see, th' Embassadors——The Treaty's sign'd——
And they're in March t' his Highness's Pavilion.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

The Camp.

ZORAVINZE, SOBIESKI, and two Joint Deputies, with
their Train.

Z O R A V I N Z E.

WE must remit the Article of Decampment
To the Grand Signior's own Determination——
The Prospect of our famish'd Troops, may raise
New Difficulties to retard the Peace ;
Excite our Enemies to fresh Resolves,
And finally complete our Overthrow——

S O B I E S K I.

Our General *Lubomirski* this foreseeing,
Order'd the *Cossacks* to repass the River,
Where from the Mountains you behold their Tents ;
And *Osman's* Camp resounds with our Retreat——
This Article will therefore prove no Bar——
What else they can demand, we shall accord.

Z O R A V I N Z E.

That Artifice may save our Credit——

S O B I E S K I.

Doubt it not——

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

The Sultan's Pavilion.

The Capigy Bassa, and his Corps with Maces, preceding the Embassadors, pass and repass the Stage, 'till they come to the Hall of Audience, which opening, discovers the Sultan on his Throne. The Musti, Vizier, Beglerbegs, Bassas, on each Hand; Registers fronting it: They are presented to the Sultan, and kiss his Robe.

SOBIESKI delivers the General's Letter to the Junior of the Bassas, who hand it from one to another, so to the Vizier, who, on his Knee, lays it on a Cushion before the Throne.

V I Z I E R.

HIS Highness is prepar'd to hear your Excellencies.
Z O R A V I N Z E.

Most mighty Lord——Renowned *Osman* !
Our gracious Master's Aim hath ever been,
To cultivate firm Friendship with your Highness ;
Transmitting Deputies amidst his Forces,
As well prepar'd for Terms of Peace, as War.
This——having rag'd, till Death itself was gorg'd :
That——thro' the prudent Conduct of your Vizier,

C

Now

Now lays us prostrate at your Highness's Feet ;
 Craving a Confirmation of our Happiness——
 Whilst here we swear the punctual Execution
 Of every Clause on our great Lord's Behalf ;
 Nor question we, its sacred Conservation,
 From you, illustrious Sir ! in whom combin'd
 Each generous Virtue of your Ancestors,
 With matchless Lustre eminently shine——

We dread, great Sir ! t' approach your Majesty,
 Devoid of Off'rings worthy your Acceptance——
 Your rich Dominions, and extensive Rule,
 Prevent our adding to your Highness' Treasures :
 But Love and Dread are equally discern'd——
 In lowest as in highest Things, regarding
 The Disposition of the Offerer——
 Whilst here in Arms, far from our native Homes,
 War's Instruments proclaim our only Riches——
 Accept these, Sir, as Symbols of Affection——

[Presents two Silver Javelins, &c.]

May all your Enemies by them subdued,
 In Prosecution of your Highness' Glory,
 Bring daily to your Mind the friendly *Poles*.

O S M A N.

My Lords, with Pleasure we confirm this Peace ;

Your

Your Presents we accept——and *Sulisczouii*——
T' attend our Person to the royal *Porte*.

I hear your Forces are repassing *Tyre*——
'Tis well——or I had urg'd it to be done.

*[The Embassadors retreat backwards, and the Scene
closes upon the Room of Audience.]*

S C E N E VI.

The Sultan's Tent.

OSMAN, Vizier, and Soldiers.

O S M A N.

VIZIER, give Orders for our speedy March;
I mean t' encamp at *Choczim*——Strike the Tents;
Let nought remain by the Ninth Hour of Day.
Have my Commands brought the Sultana Queen,
And Prince my Son?——Have you (as suits) prepar'd
Triumphal Entry for us at the *Porte*?
You've heard my Will——retire——I would be private——
Too lovely Maid!——Illustrious *Aphendina*!
[*Sultan rises.*

This short Recess I consecrate to Thee——

Thy Charms have Power beyond the Force of Glory ;
Nor can I muse on any Arms but thine——
How am I rapt to contemplate the Joy
Thou wilt receive on News of my Return !——
At thy Command too, for in Truth 'tis so,
Whate'er Disguises I've been forc'd to wear,
To palliate this hasty Change for Peace :
But I'll advise thee of it instantly. *[Sits to write.*
What shall I say to shew how much I love ?
——Ideas crowd so thick upon my Mind, }
That like a routed Multitude they press,
Nor can pervade the Portals of the Sense——
Is it impossible for me to pen,
What I could breathe into her Soul, if present——
It must be so——then take, dear Ravisher !
The Heart itself, o'erladen with thy Praises :
I will but therefore say I love——and leave thee——
[Folds the Letter, and Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

*Abroad.**Two Officers of the Spahis.**First OFFICER.*

THIS Eagerness to turn our Faces home,
Exceeds the Preparations for the War :
My Men have scarcely loaded all the Beasts,
But they must mount unfed, and quit the Field.

Second OFFICER.

'Tis true ; we've had a toilsome Task to-day :
But cloudy Visages and buzzing Murmurs,
Distract my Mind with Sense of future Ills.

It is amazing to behold a City
(For lesser Name can't comprehend our Camp)
Of vast Extent, shining in pompous Pride,
At the Third Hour of Day, depopulated,
Raz'd to the Ground, no Traces left behind,
All in full March, Miles from its Situation——
E're the same Sun, which found it flourishing,
Hath three Fourths pass'd of his Diurnal Arch.

First

O S M A N.

First OFFICER.

The Sight is strange ; but why this urgent Speed ?
 This sudden Change in *Osman's* Resolution ?
 Had but his Highness study'd Victory,
 No Time like this hath ever been afforded :
 The *Polanders* and *Cossacks* press'd with Famine,
 Grown sickly and consum'd with three-fold Toil,
 Are scarce a twentieth Part effective Men——
 Then why this Speed——this ; I may almost say,
 This Flight precipitate from certain Conquest ?

Second OFFICER.

Sure, thour't inform'd of *Osman's* old Amour
 Wi' th' Mufti's Daughter——Beauteous *Ashada*
 Still claims her Conquest o'er the Sultan's Will.

He's young and amorous, and can't withstand
 The Force of Love——Tho' such a Prize as this,
 Might warm the Heart of the most rigid Dervise——
 But see, our Troops are on the Stretch to *Choczim*,
 And we must wing it after them apace.

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

Camp at Choczim.

MIRZA and PHESALIE.

M I R Z A.

PROPound no Comfort to my tortur'd Mind;
 'Twere endless to engage in such a Task——
 Observ'd you not the affected Complaisance
 He forc'd upon himself? "Madam, you're welcome——"
 "No Happiness subsists without Allay——"
 "Your Messenger informs——Iv'e lost my Son——"
 "I'm sorry for it——but we all are mortal——"
 "You'll make your Entry with me to the *Porte*"——
 I had prepar'd a Thousand tender Things,
 To 'suage th' expected Sorrow for his Son,
 And raise Affection in his Breast for me.

I languish'd——look'd——oft I essay'd to speak,
 But turning from me with contemptuous Air,
 He gave Command a Chiaoux should attend,
 On some Dispatch, I know not what, and left me.

P H E-

P H E S A L I E.

My Queen, you injure *Osman* by these Thoughts ;
 He's just arriv'd from the Fatigues of War ;
 A busy World engrosses all his Care——
 It's plain, 'tis not Neglect makes him indifferent ;
 For had his Mind been vacant from Engagements,
 No doubt his Son had forc'd some Sorrow from him.

M I R Z A.

Alas ! my Son—Thence, thence my Source of Woe---
 Had he but liv'd!——

Some fresh Amour m'engage my *Osman's* Heart,
 And send me wretched, childless to the Grave——
 Our only Hopes are built upon an Heir——
 They're gone——they're vanished——*Mirza* is now
 Despis'd, neglected, and the Queen's no more.

P H E S A L I E.

Madam, you're young, and may have many Sons
 T'engage our Sov'reign's Heart by stronger Ties.

M I R Z A.

Name that no more, dear *Phesalie* ; my Grief
 Would then exceed its present Limits far——
 O ! could I live to see my eldest Hope
 Secure his Sceptre by a Brother's Blood !——
 The captious Soldiery are so imperious,

That

That while a Branch remains o'th' *Ott'man* Stem,
To fill his Place, no King can sit secure :
For tho' they durst not quite dam up the Spring,
They dread not to divert it from its Course.

Which Way foe'er I turn, I meet Distress——
Unhappy childless——lost, if more than one.

P H E S A L I E.

'Tis true, your Majesty with Danger treads
The Ice-glaz'd Path of slipp'ry Greatness :
But Custom, reaching out her friendly Hand,
Should reconcile to Reasons of the State :
Nor ought we sorrow, till th' Event arrives.
Might I-presume to advise your Highness,
It should be to shake off this Heaviness——
Resume the gay, the bright, the sparkling *Mirza* ;
(The Charms which first subdu'd the Sultan's Heart)
They may rekindle *Osman's* waining Love ;
Still make you Mother of his first-born Son,
And spite of your Dejection, *Valida* *.

M I R Z A.

I know you love me——I will be advis'd :
Our Prophet aid me——Yet, I know not why,

* Mother of the Sultan's first Son.

I feel a Trembling seize upon my Heart,
Which, maugre my Resolves, bodes ill Success. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

OSMAN'S Tent.

Sultan sealing a Letter. To him ASHAD.

O S M A N.

FATHER! I'm sending to my *Aphendina*.
A S H A D.

I just receiv'd Commands to attend your Highness.

O S M A N.

I sent the Vizier, for a Conference with you.
You know, my Father, my Design to enter
Constantinople's Gates, in martial Triumph.

A S H A D.

I do, my Lord, and all Things are preparing,
In the most pompous Guise, t' advance your Glory;
The Vizier's noble Soul hath e'en exceeded
Rome's antient Pomp in forming for the Eye,
And ev'ry Sense, Gratification infinite;

Nor

Nor is aught wanting fully to illustrate
 Consummate Grandeur and Magnificence.

O S M A N.

You seem to think the Pageantry complete,
 That no Addition can extend its Prospect;
 You err, my Father, 'tis a Trifle all——
 I've seen the Vizier's Plan, admit it great;
 But still it suits not with his Emp'ror's Soul——
 I have a View beyond *Dilaver's* Reach,
 To introduce a so much more superb
 And glorious Scene, as shall eclipse the rest,
 And of itself alone compose a Triumph;
 Nay——e'en your Sultan grace it as a Captive.

A S H A D.

I know your Majesty, as by your Station,
 Aloft remov'd above your humble Slaves,
 So no less by your Genius and Discernment:
 But still, my King's mysterious——nor can I,
 With utmost Penetration, sound the Depth
 Of his Designs——Or what can add such Grandeur
 To *Dilaver's* Device, that all should seem
 To wait on that, my Emperor in view——

O S M A N.

'Tis thy fair Daughter, Mufti, *Aphendina* !
 I mean to have her drawn in open Chariot,
 That all the World may hail the Sultan's Choice.
 And should she hint it, follow as her Slave ;
 This Letter is to bring her to my Camp ;
 Should her nice Virtue form no Scruple to it,
 And that she may not, I have sent for you,
 Desiring your Permission, to oblige me——
 She'll not decline Obedience to her Father.

A S H A D.

My Lord, your Highness' Bounty to my Daughter
 Reflects the highest Honour on your Slave,
 And claims the gratefulest Returns from both.
 ——Should aught arise from *Aphendina's* Conduct,
 To give the least Displeasure to my Lord,
 Charge the old Man with all the Blame, not her ;
 She's young, unpractis'd in the World, and forms
 All her Resolves from Principles infus'd
 In earlier Days by me——Your Highness knows,
 My sole Delight hath been, t' imbue alike
 Your Mind and her's with Virtue's strictest Precepts ;
 She keeps severely to the rigid Letter ;
 Then blame not her——those Scruples you call nice,
Arising

Arising only from the Dread of Error.
Your Majesty shall be obey'd—I'll let her know,
It is your Pleasure and my Will she comes.

[Musti writes, musing.]

O S M A N.

I thank you, Father! Send me a Courier.

[Exit Musti, and enter Courier.]

Away with these Dispatches to the Mufti's;
Into his Daughter's Hand deliver this:
When she has read it—This—observe her Looks
At each Delivery, and return with Speed,

C O U R I E R.

I shall, my Lord.

O S M A N.

Without there, who attends? *[Enter Vizier.]*

V I Z I E R.

Great Sir, your Slave—

O S M A N.

Dispatch two hundred Horse
T'escort the Mufti's Daughter to our Presence;
Let them conduct her to her Father's Tent:
Be instant then— *[Exit Vizier.]*

Mirza's disconsolate!

Would she were not—but she is mine no more—

Nor

Nor shall I grieve the parting from my Boy,
 If lovely *Aphendina* brings me one.
 I must possess her, but use no Constraint;
 Nay——should she ne'er comply, I can't compell:
 What View have Men in Love, but to engage
 The charming Object, by all winning Arts
 And gentle Means, to render Love again?
 Avaunt Constraint! thou art a Contradiction;
 Love but consists of Generosity——
 I know my Pow'r to force——'tis base to use it.
 I'll once more try——tho' oft I've been repuls'd.
 If she will enter my Seraglio,
 She shall have new created Honours paid her.
 I will engage eternal Constancy:
 For her alone, I'll the whole Sex resign,
 And only live while *Aphendina's* mine.

End of the First Act.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sultana Queen's, near Constantinople.

MIRZA, PHESALIE, and Ladies Attendants.

M I R Z A.

THE Mask is now thrown off——*Mirza* no longer
Reign's in her Sov'reign's Heart—Cruel Reverse!
O Flattery, curst Flatt'ry! Thou'st undone me——
Ye crouching Sycophants! constant Attendants
On ev'ry rising Star, ye've undone me;
Ye puffed your pois'nous Blasts into my Senses,
Till Pride had swell'd me to the matchless Creature,
Your servile serpent Tongues reported me,
As worthy of great *Osman's* constant Love.
O *Phesalie*! my Spring of Glory's faded,
I'm lost——for ever lost to Love and *Osman*.

P H E S A L I E.

Who could have apprehended such a Change?

M I R-

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PHESALIE.

Who could have apprehended such a Change?

MIR-

M I R Z A.

That Part was mine ; but giddy Joys prevented.
 'Twas I receiv'd his Virgin Obligations ;
 Nor has he ever yet been false to me :
 Mirror of Constancy ! compar'd with Emperors,
 Whose Wills insatiate have roam'd at large.
 Had he done thus, I'd been like other *Odalisks* *
 Enjoy'd, repudiated, without a Sigh ;
 But elevate with Hope of Love's Endurance,
 My Fall precipitate the more confounds me——

First L A D Y.

Is't certain, this fair Lady, *Aphendina's*
 Conducted hither to the Sultan's Bed ?

Second L A D Y.

So the Report ; the Camp resounds with it.

P H E S A L I E.

This Love is not of Yesterday's Creation ;
 This is a smother'd Flame, burst out again——

M I R Z A.

Or rather never smother'd——My Reflections
 Recall to Mind Scenes past Reiteration ;
 When in my Arms the noble *Osman* slumber'd,
 Oft would he start, and catch, and waking, sigh——

* One of the Sultan's Mistresses.

Then

Then slumb'ring, groan again, whole Nights together.
 I might have thought of *Aphendina* then ;
 But my own Joys were so superlative——

First L A D Y.

Hark ! 'tis the Sound of Trumpets in the Camp.

[*Trumpets sound.*

Second L A D Y.

They sound again——and nearer too. [*Sound again.*

M I R Z A.

O ! hide me,

'Tis this new Mistress——Cover me, ye Mountains---
 Conceal my just Confusion in your Bowels,
 And never more let *Mirza* see the Light.

P H E S A L I E.

Too true, I fear, these Sounds proclaim the Joy
 Of her Arrival.

M I R Z A.

Close my Tent——I'm ill,
 And must be private——Sure *Osman* won't impose
 On me the hateful Task of Gratulation. [*Scene closes.*

E

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

The Mufti's Tent.

APHENDINA enters at one Door, ASHAD at the other ;
the Attendants cross the Stage, and leave them.

ASHAD.

OUR Prophet succour thee, my dearest Child ;
[Embracing.

Confirm thy Virtue, and thy Innocence.

APHENDINA.

Alas ! my Father ; pardon my Surprise
And Ecstasy at meeting you again,
After an Absence never known before ;
It adds new Life and Vigour to my Spirits,
And spreads abundant Joy o'er all my Senses.

ASHAD.

A Word, my Daughter : You receiv'd my Letter,
Together with the Sultan's ?

APHENDINA.

Sir, I did ;
And in Compliance with them both, am here.

ASHAD.

O S M A N.

27

A S H A D.

You're prudent, Daughter——You've had good Instructions :

Let them not fail you in the Time of Trial.

Be virtuous, Child——You know the Sultan's Power :

I say be virtuous——or be no more. [Exit Ashad.

Enter Sultan and Attendants, who pass : He runs to her.

[Musick without.]

O S M A N.

Thou blooming Maid! this Meeting glads my Soul.

A P H E N D I N A.

Most mighty Emperor! your high Command
Hath brought your meanest Slave to kiss your Feet.

[Going to embrace her, she kneels.

My best Acknowledgments fall short in Worth
Of noble *Osman's* Favour to his Handmaid.

O S M A N.

Arise, my Fair One! 'tis too mean for you

[Raises her.

To prostrate even to the Sultan's Person.
You I esteem my Equal——All to you
Shall with like Ardour bend, as to myself;
But you to no Man——May I be resolv'd?
Does thy fond Heart dilate with rising Joy,

E 2

And

And bound with Ecstasy at *Osman's* Name?
Say, do'st Thou love?—Thy Blush confess it once.

A P H E N D I N A.

If t'have known aught, when you were absent from me,
Save joyless Days, and ever restless Nights;
If Pray'rs, and Sighs, and Wishes for your Safety,
Haunting Repose——oft forc'd the starting Tear:
If these were Love, if these the Lover's Pangs,
I then avow the Flame; with Joy confess,
The Grave itself can't extirpate my Passion.

O S M A N.

Kind Heav'n then smiles upon the happy *Osman*!

[*Kneeling, kisses her Hand.*]

I can no more——Still love me, *Aphendina*!

A P H E N D I N A.

My Emperor at my Feet! It must not be.
Sir, you confound me by this Condescension:
I cannot suffer it.

O S M A N.

My Love, I rise.

But, O! declare, what Transports fill thy Breast,
When my fond Breathings tell thee, *Osman* loves.

A P H E N-

A P H E N D I N A.

Could I delineate the Joys of Paradise,
 Then might I paint thy *Aphendina's* Bliss.
 How has my Soul been shock'd! when tortur'd Fancy,
 Presenting to my View the hostile Field,
 I saw your Highness foremost in the Ranks,
 Amid the Din and Tumult of the War!
 Your innate Valour might have led you on
 To some destructive Enterprize, and robb'd
 The World——and *Aphendina* of her *Osman*.

O S M A N.

The Recollection of thy matchless Graces
 Caus'd such an Alteration in your *Osman*,
 As spite of my own Glory, fav'd the *Poles*.
 Yes, *Aphendina*, you have fix'd a Crown
 Upon the tottering Head of *Sigismund*,
 With more Security than Conquest could.
 Your Letter pressing my Return, subdu'd me,
 Concluded Peace, and bent me to the *Porte*,
 To reap the grateful Harvest of thy Love.
 I'd Thoughts, my Fair! you should have triumph'd with
 me;
 But I shall now dismiss you from the Camp;
 You shall not enter the Imperial City

In my Retinue, least it should be said,
 I sought this only Treasure of my Soul
 To grace the Entry of Sultana Queen——
 But know, my *Aphendina*, *Osman* follows,
 Wholly devoted to your future Happiness.

[*Exit Aphendina.*

Let but the Woman whom we love appear,
 What dastard Souls are might'est Conquerors!
 Why did I send for *Aphendina* hither,
 But to behold her Beauty, praise her Charms,
 Declare my Love, and try my Art to win her,
 By soft Address, to enter my Seraglio?
 What then prevented off'ring this Proposal,
 But Dread of disobliging her I love?
 By *Mahomet*! I'd face a Cannon sooner,
 And grasp the Ball just firing at my Breast,
 Than urge to her what she may not approve.
 ——This Suspence destroys me; but e're the Sun
 Has, in his wonted Course, revisited
 The Western World, my Fate shall be decided. [*Exit.*

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

The Seraglio.

MIRZA and PHESALIE.

MIRZA.

I've heard too much of it already, *Phesalie*,
My Palace, say you? rather call it my Dungeon;
My Joys are wholly center'd in the Sultan.
Where is the Love, at least the Complaisance,
He ever shew'd, when absent but a Day?
He never fail'd to visit me the first;
Now two long tedious Hours have been consum'd
In fruitless Waiting——"Twas not always thus.

P H E S A L I E.

My Queen, Imagination oft misleads,
Paints in so lively Colours fancied Ills,
That even Doubts are heighten'd into Truths.

MIRZA.

Call not a Doubt what's too, too evident:
He bore himself so lofty at the Camp,

He

He scarcely deign'd to cast an Eye toward me.

[*Enter Kiosem.*]

K I O S E M.

I may intrude perhaps——You seem engag'd?
Can *Mirza* pardon my Officiousness?

M I R Z A.

Kiosem, ever welcome, can't intrude;
The Niceties of Time lose all Distinction,
In Friendships so cemented as our own.

K I O S E M.

My Queen! your Goodness over-runs my Thanks;
Something of private Import may forbid;
Permit me to retire.

M I R Z A.

No, Stay, my *Kiosem*;
Only what busy babbling Fame reports,
Furnishes hateful Matter for our Theme.

K I O S E M.

Forgive me, *Mirza*, if I guess the Subject:
'Tis just as I suspected; his Intent
Was only to decoy th' imperious Thing,
The lofty *Aphendina* to his Lure:
On her he lavishes the rich Profuse,
Vouchsafing you a Pittance of his Love.

M I R-

M I R Z A.

Heavens! Can I pass such Disregard unmov'd,
And tamely sink beneath this Load of Insult!

K I O S E M.

'Tis plain, he's glad the Prince your Son is dead,
T' abrogate your Pow'r with more Facility,
And raise his towering Mistress on your Ruin:
But let the giddy Creature swell with Pride,
Your Majesty's Appearance will eclipse her,
Unless, to save the Minx's Reputation,
You are forbid the Presence, or confin'd.

M I R Z A.

I dread th' Event; Heav'n only knows my Fate!

K I O S E M.

And should know her's, were I Sultana Queen;
Madam, you bear your Wrongs too patiently:
Exert your Influence, he'll repent his Change:
Spread Whispers of the Sultan's bad Designs;
Her private Favours——Stir up the Odalisks
To apparent Sights; disperse your Emissaries
Among the Soldiery; leave nought untry'd,
Your Injuries demand Redress——be resolute.

M I R Z A.

I'm much indebted to my *Kiossem's* Zeal;

F

Her

Her Words revive the Languor of my Hopes :
 As the firm Buttress, with benign Support,
 Sustains the Glories of some *Memphian* Pile ;
 So *Kiossem's* Friendship stays my threatn'd Fall,
 And guards her *Mirza* from impending Ruin. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Royal Apartments.

OSMAN *sitting musing.*

O S M A N.

E'er I repose, I'll try this charming Maid ;
 Her firm Adherence to the Cause of Virtue
 Inflames my restless Soul with fierce Desire,
 More pungent than the Scenes of foul Debauchery
 Could ever raise i'th' most abandon'd Breast ;
 And I must compass her at all Events.
 I'd willingly not thwart the Empire's Laws,
 Which do inhibit Marriage to the Sultan ;
 But better they were cross'd, than I undone——
 I'll offer her whate'er Ambition's Lust,
 Whate'er unbounded Luxury can crave ;

And

And if her Virtue's Proof 'gainst these Temptations,
 She's only qualified to grace my Throne,
 And nuptial Rites shall constitute her Empress. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Apartment in the Seraglio.

K I O S E M sola.

TO what End serve myself corroding Cares?
 Whilst *Osman* gains th' Affection of the Court,
 The Populace, and ev'ry Order——*Amurath*,
 My Son, neglected, dreams away his Life,
 Or immaturely falls——for fall he must,
 E'er *Osman*'s Head can hold his Crown secure:
 Then what if I by subtle Stratagem,
 To save my *Amurath*, bring Death on *Osman*;
 The Janizaries, cover'd with Disgrace,
 Resent his Treatment in the late Campaign——
 I'll fix my Spies, observe their ev'ry Action,
 Sow Discord by Degrees, fill them with Terror,
 And raise 'twixt him and them such Jealousy,
 As from the slightest Rumour may be blown,

(By adding proper Fuel) to Rebellion.
 Then this new Mistress stings me to the Soul;
 Her Temper may drive *Osman* to Extremities.—
Mirza's my own; I mould her pliant Nature;
 But should this Favourite, this *Aphendina*
 Prevail against her, I'm reduc'd indeed—
 If *Amurath* reigns, the Pow'r is lodg'd with me:
 If *Osman*—Perish th' abject, dastard Thought!
 Better meet Death, attempting Sov'reignty,
 Than linger Life in absolute Subjection:
 For Life's no Life for me, devoid of Power.

[Enter *Bassa* of *Bosnia*]

O! ever welcome, dearest Friend, *Bassa*!
 Your Presence dissipates my Cares—A Spirit
 So adequate as yours to great Designs,
 May raise your Princess 'bove the Frowns of Fate.

B A S S A.

Madam, you may command—

K I O S E M.

Attend me, *Bassa*! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

The Mufti's Palace.

OSMAN, ASHAD, and APHENDINA.

A S H A D.

YOUR Highness overloads my House with Honours;
 I leave you, Sir ; but good, my Lord, remember—
 [Exit Mufti.]

O S M A N.

Urg'd by my Passion for thy heav'nly Form,
 Adorn'd with Virtues, ev'ry Excellence,
 Behold an humble Suitor in your *Osman*.

—Accord, my *Aphendina*, to my Views—

Abate the Rigour of the Mufti's Precepts,
 In my Apartments (Treasury of Blessings)
 Command whate'er can gratify Desire.

I come not now, my Love, to be refus'd,

But to accept the Tender of your Person.

Admit, my Fair, the Gift invaluable ;

Yet think, Oh think ! thy *Osman* grants his All——

Himself, his Love, his Faith, his Constancy ;

Which by our Prophet, whom I here invoke !

Shall

Shall never swerve from beauteous *Aphendina* ;
 But fixt as th' Earth's Poles, remain invariable.
 Then speak me happy——say you follow me ;
 Give *Osman* Life, and blest him with Compliance.

A P H E N D I N A.

Osman, the Conflict jarring in my Mind,
 Rends me with Agony ne'er felt before ;
 I see beyond the present pleasing Instant,
 Bright as the Noon-tide Ray——but ah! the Clouds
 Of black Remorse and Infamy o'ercast
 It's setting Day——*Osman* consider well
 E'er you resolve on what I ne'er can grant.

O S M A N.

Can *Aphendina* thus protract my Pain!
 Can she imagine I can live and love,
 And doat upon those Charms without Fruition?
 Thou lov'st me not ; at least with equal Ardor.
 You glory in your Emp'ror's Condescension ;
 You set no farther Price on *Osman's* Love,
 Than to adorn the Train of your Admirers,
 Or you'd not thus oppose his Happiness.

A P H E N D I N A.

Alas! too well you know the Beatings here,
 Or you'd not thus distress me——Oh! *Osman*,

Plunge

Plunge——bury this in *Aphendina's* Breast ;

[*Pointing to his Scimitar.*

But do not kill me with ungentle Terms.

It cannot be, but *Osman* knows I love——

Nor is't the Emperor, *Aphendina* covets ;

But *Osman*——freed from the Impediment,

Of lordly Empire, now the only Bar,

Betwixt my Wishes and their free Completion.

O S M A N.

No more reproach me, dearest *Aphendina* ;

My fierce Despair converts to burning Rage,

Those tender Sentiments, my Heart abounds with,

On the least Opposition to my Hopes.

O! *Aphendina*, could you feel my Transport

At e'ry yielding Speech, or Glance from you ;

'Twould plead my Pardon for a Word misplac'd.

But say, thou rigid Fair! my Soul's Delight!

Propose some Method to allay my Passion,

If you're determin'd never to relent.

A P H E N D I N A.

And is it *Osman* who would learn of me ;

O! spare me on the sad ungrateful Subject ;

Think not my Love's less ardent than my Lord's :

But Laws of State clashing with Virtue's Rules,

Leave

Leave no Alternative for our Felicity.
 Let us resolve inviolable Faith;
 Let us repeat the Resolution daily;
 Be ever anxious for our mutual Peace;
 Love each other, for—that we love, nor Law,
 Nor Virtue's Cause will then be injur'd;
 This, this, my Lord's, the Height of my Ambition.

O S M A N.

Were Virtue's Cause trusted to Thee alone,
 Bright Seraph! 'twould have many more Admirers;
 E'en Vice itself would study Condemnation,
 But to receive its Sentence from thy Lips:
 You shall hear more, when I've consider'd it.

[Exit Osman and enter As]

A S H A D.

Daughter, his Highness left you discontented;
 His down-cast Look, and Solemnness of Pace,
 Denote an inward Struggle in his Mind:
 I fear his Power will now command Obedience.

A P H E N D I N A.

It cannot be, it derogates from *Osman*;
 'Tis too ignoble for his generous Soul:
 E'en in his brightest Ecstasies of Love,
 Not the least Syllable has e'er transpir'd

Discor-

Discordant to the purest Virgin's Ear,
 His ev'ry Act attests the sacred Flame ;
 My Vows accompany him—— [Exit Ashad.

Where can th' Excess
 Of Love 'twixt me and *Osman* terminate ?
 O ! where——it cannot linger thus for ever.
 I dread, he'll think it a sufficient Honour
 For me to wait his Pleasure at the Palace :
 If I decline——ah ! may he not compel ?
 Ill fated Maid ! how speedy the Transition,
 From Love to Hate, as varying Passion drives——
 What's the Result then ? I'm confin'd, abus'd,
 Grow wretched, feed on Discontent, and die.
 If Death then to my Suff'rings must succeed,
 Anticipating Death, avoids my Injuries.
 Surely 'twere better Choice, than soil my Honour——
 I'll ne'er consent, my Virtue is my own ;
 No shall the dazling Charms of gorgeous Pomp,
 Have Weight to sink me into pageant Greatness ;
 I'll rise superior to the glitt'ring Toys
 Of specious Love, and spurn its guilty Joys.

End of the Second Act.

G

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Council Chamber.

*Sultan, Vizier, Captain Bassa, Kaimacan, Bassa of Bosn,
Aga of the Janizaries, Kisler Aghasi, and others.*

O S M A N.

A Matter of Importance pressing me,
Wherein I crave your nice Deliberations ;
I've summon'd you, my Friends—as Friends indeed,
Not as my Ministers, to Call of Office.
Attend——The Question of this Night imports
Ourselves in Person, and our future Conduct :
Let your Advice then be from Reason form'd,
As Circumstances shall be laid before ye.
Let not your Favour to my private Thoughts,
Whate'er they may, or you may judge they be,
Have the least Weight upon your Disquisitions,
But candidly pronounce from Facts presented,

With-

Without Reserve your most impartial Judgments.
I shall premise, it is a Case of Love,
Originated from my Infancy :
The Object, *Aphendina*, *Ashad's* Daughter;
Our Loves are mutual, Educations one,
Ages agreeable—— we think, act, speak,
Those Thoughts, Deeds, Notions, one Preceptor taught us:
I would enlarge myself to your Apprehensions,
To give the ampler Scope for judging truly :
We both imbib'd the Principles of Virtue,
And have improv'd their Growth by constant Practice;
She more refin'dly, living more recluse;
Myself with Latitude, engag'd in Wars,
And other Occupations of the State.
I, as our Laws require, would fain persuade her,
To honour my Seraglio with her Presence :
She starts, adhering to the Mufti's Precept,
“ Take no Man but an Husband to thy Bed.”
I cannot offer Force to the Deserving.
My Question then consists of these four Points;
Whether 'tis lawful for your Prince to marry?
What Law's against it? When? and why 'twas made?
What says our Vizier——

O S M A N.

V I Z I E R.

My Opinion, this ;
That it is lawful—and in this presume
I am not alone.

C A P T A I N B A S S A.

That's my Opinion.

K A I M A C A N.

And mine.

A G A.

Mine——

O S M A N.

Yon Bassa's Look speaks Negative ;
Give us your Thoughts, Bassa——

B A S S A of Bosnia.

May't please your Highness ;
O'er-charg'd with Zeal, and em'lous for your Glory,
I singly care t'oppose the current Voice :
What ! shall we flatter ? shall we palliate ?
Disguise our Sentiments ?——Our Prince at stake ;
My Head shall pay the Forfeit of my Tongue,
E'er I submit to join my Emp'ror's Ruin.

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

45

O S M A N.

O'er-charg'd indeed, Bassa! What Head precarious
Is held for diff'ring from us in Opinion?
Thy Warmth becomes thee not; it speaks Malevolence.

B A S S A of Bosnia.

It speaks the Language of an honest Heart——
Your Highness gave Permission to discuss
This Point without Reserve, and weigh it freely.

O S M A N.

'Tis true, Bassa, while Reason holds the Beam,
Not partial Prejudice——Vizier, proceed.

V I Z I E R.

My Lord, perhaps the Bassa reasons thus——
That Laws divine enforce connubial Bonds,
But Usage subsequent, confirm'd by Law,
Strictly enjoins our Sov'reigns not to wed.

B A S S A of Bosnia.

Shall then our Emperor be circumscrib'd?
Abridg'd the Sov'reign's grand Prerogative,
That unrestrain'd permits him now to range
The Wilds of Beauty, subject to his Pleasure?
What! like the Turtle, shall our Empire's Head
(Perhaps too issueless) confine his Appetite

To

To one cool, pall'd Repast, the World before him
For Propagation of successive Emperors?

O S M A N.

The Bassa makes the Prince's Will his Guide;
If so, the Law conforms but to that Will;
Then may not I (my Pleasure coinciding)
With equal Liberty decline that Law,
As my Progenitors by Choice avow'd it?

B A S S A of Bosnia.

What will the Populace, the Soldiery say?
That *Osman's* noble Nature is subdued
By th' Arms inglorious of a trifling Woman——
Assert the Mornarch—force this techy Bawble
To tame Quiescence, at her Emp'ror's Nod.
This——this, my Lord, proclaims th' *Oth'man* Glory.

O S M A N.

Forbid it, *Makomet*! that this were Glory.
Like a benighted Traveller thou wander'st,
Led by the glimm'ring Meteor of false Fancy,
Devious in Error---Thou mistak'st the Truth,
Or speciously deprav'd, confound'st its Essence.
Offer no more——Virtue alone is Glory;
Thy Argument retorts upon itself:

What!

What! shall the Vulgar Voice controul their Emperor?
 Then were they Sov'reigns in Will, not I.
 Vizier, point out the Law against our Marriage.

V I Z I E R.

'Twas made soon after *Bajazet's* Decease,
 By Reason of an Insult on his Queen,
 To prevent future like Indignity.

O S M A N.

Say, thou Defender of the vulgar Clamour;
 Say, that I perish in the holy Mosque,
 Shall no Prince offer there his Pray'rs to Heaven,
 Because I fell beneath the sacred Dome?
 Go, preach to Babes, who judge not for themselves;
 I dare do right, who will oppose——My Lords!
 I think, you're clear, by God's Law, all may marry?

O M N E S.

We are, great Sir.

O S M A N.

Then let his Will be done——
 You tell me, Custom and the old Law forbid.

[To the *Bassa*.]

B A S S A of *Bosnia*.

'Tis true, my Lord.

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

Who then confirm'd that Law?

B A S S A of Bosnia.

Your Royal Predecessors.

O S M A N.

Have not I

Their Power deriv'd on me, to make, t'abolish?

[To the Bassa.

Nay——do not hesitate——but answer me.

B A S S A of Bosnia.

You have, great Sir.

O S M A N,

Then what's their Will to me?

B A S S A of Bosnia.

It has been thought to have giv'n our Monarch's Freedom.

[Surlily.

O S M A N.

But may not I abridge myself at Will?

Or where's my Freedom?——Yet, I'd not be singular,

And act against my Predecessors' Rules,

Without a Precedent——Look back; Great Ottoman,

(My Family's Founder) *Orcan, Amurath,*And *Bajazet* his Successors, were married;The second *Amurath*, and *Solyman*,

Had

Had both their proper Wives——Then, why not I?
Yet——tender in Pursuit of my Devices,
(You've heard what has been said) I now enjoin
To answer——Shall I marry?——Shall I not?

V I Z I E R.

We're so assur'd, by what our Lord has offer'd;
Nought has escap'd his penetrating Eye,
That we must wholly acquiesce with him,
And gratefully bear of those nice Distinctions,
We might have slip't without your Highness Guidance;
Nor can your Majesty, in our Opinions,
Trace any Steps more worthy Imitation,
Than of your fore-nam'd glorious Ancestors.

O S M A N.

'Tis well——this Secret as a Mark of Confidence
I have committed to your Privacy. [Exeunt.

H

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Kiosem's *Apartments*.KIOSEM. *To her the Bassa of Bosnia.*

K I O S E M.

WHAT News, dear Bassa, from the Sultan's Council?

B A S S A *of Bosnia.*

Alas! my Princess, all his Ways confound me;
Surely his Soul is not of human Temp'rament,
Ever aloft above the Reach of Mortals.

K I O S E M.

Thy tedious Preface racks me with Suspence;
Speak, Bassa, speak; give, give me the Result.

B A S S A *of Bosnia.*

Scorning to lord it over the Female World,
His Highness has declar'd a Resolution
To constitute his *Aphendina* Empress.

K I O S E M.

Confusion! What Opposition met he?

B A S S A.

B A S S A of Bosnia.

Myself oppos'd him singly ; but his Arguments
Rest'd on Demonstration so convictive,
That Malice self-abash'd, blush'd Acquiescence.

*[Enter an Eunuch of Kiossem, who on Sight of the
Bassà seems shy of speaking.]*

K I O S E M.

Here's only Friends ; dispatch, say what bring'st thou ?

E U N U C H.

The Janizaries so impatient grow,
And ripe for Mutiny, they make no Secret
Of their Resentment to the Sultan's Measures :
They have expell'd their Aga and Lieutenant
For their Attachment to his Majesty :
They say, from several recent Executions,
They're sure his Highness spurs their Leaders on,
To less'n their Numbers, by Degrees reduce 'em,
And make them useless to the State ; nay, farther,
Alledge their Corps is not recruited yet,
Or like to be, since the late Devastation
They suffer'd, in the needless War with *Poland*.
They make some Murm'rings about Arrears,
And blame the Sultan's squandering his Cash
On gaudy Shews, while they remain unpaid.

H 2

K I O-

O S M A N.

K I O S E M.

My Wish! keep them alarm'd, abet their Courage,
And let them know, they want not Friends at Court:

[*Exit Eunuch.*]

What think'st thou, Bassa? This bespeaks Rebellion!

B A S S A of Bosnia.

I see your Highness tow'ring 'bove your Foes,
And wayward Fate lies couchant at your Feet.

K I O S E M.

Let's lose no Time; Occasion on the Wing
Beckons away, to snatch the glorious Prize. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Mufti's Palace.

ASHAD, *musing.*

A S H A D.

THE Sultan's Rage will issue forth in Vengeance,
If once he breaks the Bands of his Benevolence.
He seem'd, methought, cooler than usual,
Avoided Interchange of Looks, and turn'd

Unwonted

Unwonted from me, as I stept toward him.
 This Love of his, meeting with Disappointment,
 Ponders Revenge, and Fury knows no Bounds.
 I wish his next Rencounter with my Daughter,
 Don't terminate in some severe Event.
 I durst not yet inform her of my Fears ;
 She'll not permit me even to suspect him ;
 But Power unlimited is hard to trust,
 When Youth especially and Love conspire.

[Enter Aphendina.

A P H E N D I N A.

Why hangs this Heaviness upon my Father ?
 You are not us'd to look so cold upon me :
 You're so reserv'd, you do not smile to Day :
 Is it ill News ? or what you've heard abroad
 Has caus'd this unaccustom'd Pensiveness ?

A S H A D.

My Child, at present you'd better leave me :
 Thoughts of your Welfare never quit my Breast ;
 I may clear up again, anon ; then leave me.

A P H E N D I N A.

If they're on my Account, I ought to share them ;
 Let me intreat you, Sir, unfold your Meaning.

A S H A D.

O S M A N.

A S H A D.

I know thou'lt be impatient at my Fears.

A P H E N D I N A.

Indeed I won't, but strive to yield you Comfort.

A S H A D.

Thou wilt, if they should strike at *Osman's* Actions.

A P H E N D I N A.

O! let me hear them; they can't be hurtful,
If they treat of *Osman*.

A S H A D.

I've only Doubts;

They may be vain, my Dear.

A P H E N D I N A.

And must be so,

If you've Doubts of *Osman*.

A S H A D.

Howe'er I can't

Dismiss them yet——his Love may ruin thee.

A P H E N D I N A.

And is that all creates my Father's Grief?
His Love's too generous; each Act bespeaks
The strictest Honour; too great, too noble
For deluding Stratagems.

[Enter Servant.]

S E R-

O S M A N.

55

S E R V A N T.

My Lord! the Sultan!

[*Enter Sultan, looking sternly.*]

O S M A N.

Madam, you've almost made me desperate;
Your Noncompliance with my late Request,
Has put me on pursuit of other Measures,
In which, I will be trifled with no longer.
I've fix'd my Resolution, and demand
Your ready Entrance into my Seraglio:
My Passion's obstinate; I'll be obey'd.

A S H A D.

Daughter! where find you now the Man of Honour?

A P H E N D I N A.

My Lord! I little thought your Love would prompt
you,

To this ungen'rous Treatment of your Slave.
My Duty binds me to obey your Orders,
And I'll attend your Call; but know, my Lord,
The Bars of the Seraglio are too weak,
Long to retain a Soul designed for Paradise;
Your Love, I see, aims only at my Person,
My inward Mind, my Virtue's Excellence,
Weigh little in the Ballance of your Hope,

So

So both deserted fall to my Disposal ;
I want not Means, my Lord, to die unspotted.

[Weeping.

O S M A N.

O! no ; die all the World but *Aphendina* :

[Embracing.

Thou shalt indeed be borne to the Seraglio,
Not as a Slave, but as thy *Osman's* Bride :
Thou shalt in equal Share partake my Glory.
And you, my Father ! as I ever call'd you,
Henceforth art so, upon a double Claim
Be happy then, Old Man, as we can make you ;
Behold in us your Sultan and your Empress ;
Be third in our Dominions——why not chief?
He by whose Hand the Blessing is conferr'd,
Should rank in Excellence, beyond the Blest.

A P H E N D I N A.

Sir, do I dream ! I'm too amaz'd to thank you !
This Mark of Favour and Benevolence,
Would seem Delusion from another Man ;
But *Osman's* Tongue can't falsify his Heart.
O! think not, Sir, my Stop to your Desires,
Proceeded from a Prospect of this Issue ;
Nought so remote from probable, hath ever

Painted

Painted a faint Idea in my Mind,
Of any Blessing to compare with this :
This could be only gender'd in your Breast ;
No other Soul capacious to admit it

O S M A N.

Fair Excellence ! thy Beauties struck my Heart ,
Thy Virtues gain'd Dominion o'er my Soul ;
Thank not your *Osman* for the happy Moment ;
'Tis your Perfections Due——unequal Tribute !
It were unjust to make no Difference,
Betwixt Divinity, and earthly Objects.
Madam, my Orders wait you at the Palace,

[Takes her Hand.]

Reception meets you as befits our Queen ;
To-morrow's Sun shall hail our Titles equal.

[Exeunt omnes.]

I

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Vizier, Master of the Works, and Secretary.

V I Z I E R.

IS all prepar'd according to my Plan,
To grace my Royal Master's Nuptials?

M A S T E R.

My Lord, the Shortness of the Time prevented;
Some flight Embellishment might have been added,
But nought can equal in Magnificence
The whole Design, most exquisitely form'd. *[Exit.]*

V I Z I E R.

Have all the Heralds had their full Instructions?

[To the Secretary.]

Are proper Orders sent the Military?
Let all the Officers of the Seraglio
Attend their Posts upon the Trumpet's Sound;
Those of the Cavalcade must move betimes;
The whole Procession ends with Half the Day:
Beware, let nothing wait.

S E C R E T A R Y.

I will, my Lord. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Apartment in the Palace.

MIRZA and KIOSEM, meeting.

K I O S E M.

I Joy to see your Highness—more to see
 Your Looks are alter'd, since our former Meeting;
 Those Charms preserv'd, may cause a Doubt in *Osman*,
 And bring him back repentant to your Arms.

M I R Z A.

My Beauty, Madam, was it tenfold more,
 Could have no Force without an Eye to view it.

K I O S E M.

The Sultan has been with you since we met.

M I R Z A.

Not once so much as thought of me, I fear.

K I O S E M.

Ungrateful, barb'rous Prince! to use you thus;
 Surely these Men think Women have no Passions,
 Or can subdue them with a Nod of theirs:
 My good Lord *Achmet*, the young *Osman's* Father,
 Tho' he lov'd roving, never shook me off,

But trusted me with all his new Amours ;
 And in Return, I favour'd his Designs,
 Always contributed to his Delights ;
 However, with this Caution, still to keep
 Myself the sov'reign Partner of his Bed :
 Thus, while he reign'd, I held the Royal Sway ;
 But had his Majesty abandon'd me,
 His Crown had sat precarious on his Head.

M I R Z A.

By *Mahomet* ! thou'st rous'd my tardy Soul ;
 The ebbing Tide of lull'd Ambition,
 Flows thro' each Vein, and swells me into Action.

K I O S E M.

Was I Sultana Queen, I'd scorn to stoop ;
 Disdain t' accept the Refuse of his Love——
 I have not seen this new engaging Creature ;
 This *Aphendina*——but——

M I R Z A.

O ! name her not,
 Unless thou mean'st to agitate my Fears,
 With wild Variety of distracting Fancies.

K I O-

K I O S E M.

'Tis said, a pompous Embassy attended,
To introduce her to her Father's Tent;
Where she and *Osman* spent whole Hours together.

M I R Z A.

Furies and Hell! why would'st thou rack me thus?

K I O S E M.

Nay, sent her home guarded with equal Splendor.
Th' imperious Thing! I'm told, in wanton Merriment,
Droll'd on the Prince's Death, and vaunting boasted
Osman her own——Regardless too of *Mirza*,
He join'd the Laugh, and with a fleering Smile
Approv'd her Raillery.

M I R Z A.

Ten thousand Curses!

Am I then fall'n thus low, to be their Mirth?
By all my Injuries, I swear Revenge:
Hence to the Winds each tender Sympathy;
O! for the savage Fierceness of the Lynx,
That I might hurl my Vengeance on their Heads,
Sport with their Anguish, and enjoy their Ruin.

K I O S E M.

Mirza is now herself, again the Queen;
This glorious Spirit may surmount your Wrongs,

And

And foil your Enemies——May Heaven direct you.

[*Exit Kiosem.*]

M I R Z A *sola.*

Curse on my Fate——Was e'er such Wretchedness!
Sequester'd from a Throne, from *Osman's* Love;
O! that I had never reach'd the Height of Majesty!
Never been blest within my *Osman's* Arms——
What! be the Jest of that insulting Minx——
Hold! hold my Brain! there's Frenzy in the Thought!
Distraction aid me!——O! that I could not think——
Perdition seize the Globe and *Aphendina*——
Chaos and endless Night resume your Reign!
Envelope all! I'm weary of the Light——

[*Enter Aphendina. Mirza starts.*]

What Fiend has sent her to oppose my Way?
Madam, your Arts prevail; nay, smile, exult
And triumph i'th' inglorious Spoil you've made.

A P H E N D I N A.

Heav'n only knows——

M I R Z A.

Dar'fst thou to talk of Heaven!
Thy fully'd Soul bears no Affinity
To its pure native white; thou'rt black as Hell;
Thou kill'st my Sight, art more distasteful to it

Than

Than the dun Toad bloated with Pride, as thou art.
Curse on thy Artifice——dissembling Wretch!

A P H E N D I N A.

Madam, compose——

M I R Z A.

Bid the loud Tempest cease
When the fierce North is rous'd! Think'st thou to calm
My Passion's Hurricane, by pedant Preachments
Of Composure!——in vain, proud Minx! in vain;
Hast thou not robb'd me of my *Osman's* Love?
What do'st thou meanly think my Spirit's form'd
Of that coarse Refuse, sordid as thine own?
That I've so little of the Woman in me,
As to sit loose to all the Pomp of Life;
To part with Sov'reignty without a Struggle,
And tamely wear your lavish Insolence?
No, by our Prophet! my Revenge shall crush you.

[*Aphendina weeps.*

Weep, till your Heart-strings crack; it joys me much
T'indulge me o'er thy Tears——Away to *Osman*,
He'll listen to thy Whine; at ev'ry Pause
Will sigh, I love——Believe the Hypocrite,
And be as curst as the forsaken *Mirza*.

A P H E N-

A P H E N D I N A.

Think not these Tears self-interested flow;
They owe their Current to a nobler Source,
Pure as my Heart.

M I R Z A.

Thy Heart! 'tis scribbl'd o'er;
The Character of Truth is no where legible,
One Mass of foul Dishonour! 'way Dissembler.

A P H E N D I N A.

I cannot leave you thus distressed—My Queen!
Permit me share your Grief; I cannot bear
To see such Excellence so greatly mov'd.
Thus let me bend to beg your patient Ear;

[Going to kneel.

—If e'er Ambition swell'd my humble Breast,
If e'er Desire revell'd in my Mind
Incontinent—let *Mirza* then despise me.
—But *Osman*—If thou'st felt what 'tis to love,
And be belov'd by *Osman*, thou'lt forgive me.

M I R Z A.

O *Aphendina*! well I know his Power. [Pausing.
Yes—he would charm a Syren with his Tongue—
Whene'er he speaks, the Accents softer flow,
Than the Lute's gentlest Trill; but when he'd wooe,

The

The Turtle's plaintive Notes are harsh to his.
 O! were he but as true——Such Dignity,
 Such Grace 'waits each Act——I must forgive thee,
 If thou lov'st my *Osman*.

[*Enter Osman hastily, running to embrace
 Aphendina; Mirza unperceiv'd.*

O S M A N.

My Life! my All!

Thus let me clasp thee to my glowing Breast,
 And gaze for ever on thy rising Beauties.
 Sure Nature triumph'd when she form'd Perfection,
 And nam'd the lovely Model *Aphendina*:
 The smiling Love's i'th' Dimples of thy Cheek,
 Hold here their Fairy Court; unbounded Joy,

[*Looking on her.*

In mystic Dance, revels within these Eyes.

M I R Z A.

O! that deluding Tongue.

O S M A N.

Ha! *Mirza* here! [Turning.

M I R Z A.

Yes, *Osman*, *Mirza's* here; your once lov'd *Mirza*.
 Such was the Language won my foolish Heart;
 Then you would kneel, implore, nay, sigh and swear,

K

That

That *Mirza's* Beauty triumph'd o'er the Sex :
But thou art false.

O S M A N.

Thou wrong'st me, I am just ;
'Twas my Opinion then.

M I R Z A.

Think'st thou by Casuistry,
And Subterfuges mean, t'elude me still ?
Perfidious Man !——Has my Affection fail'd ?

O S M A N.

Madam, Obedience to our Will best speaks
Affection to our Person——Retire——no more.

M I R Z A.

So lordly ! Yes, Imperious ! I will be gone ;
My tow'ring Soul shall ne'er descend so low,
To crave thy Love, to beg it as a Favour :
Hence with the slavish Coz'nage——Thank thee, *Osman* !
Thou'st freed me of my Chains ; a nobler Passion
Reanimates my Breast, more worthy *Mirza* ;
Revenge, Revenge shall right her Injuries. [*Ex. Mirza.*]

O S M A N.

Mirza so warm ! by *Mahomet* ! I am mov'd——

[*Pauses.*]

But when I gaze on thee, illustrious Maid !

My

My ruffled Bosom's hush'd, the Storm's no more :
 But say, my *Aphendina* ! why this Change ?
 Why are the glowing Beauties of thy Face,
 (The Seat of endless Joy) thus clouded o'er ?
 Whilst thy fond *Osman*'s Heart beats high with Rapture,
 O'erflows with Transport, and is lost in Ecstasy.

A P H E N D I N A.

Forgive me, *Osman*, that I thus offend ;
 Ne'er till this Instant did my constant Heart
 Know what it was, not to be wholly your's :
 Now, as two meeting Streams by Force repellent,
 Stagnate each other in their wonted Course ;
 So Love and Pity in my Breast at Variance,
 Sway my divided Soul, dispute the Passage,
 Nor leave a Current for each other's Flow.
 O ! *Osman* — I cannot — but feel for *Mirza*.

O S M A N.

By Heav'n ! this Softness gains upon my Soul,
 Beyond the boist'rous Air, the big-swoln Pride
 Of haughty Beauty on its Charms presuming :
 There was no Need of this, my *Aphendina*,
 T'insure a Conquest over *Osman*'s Heart.
 I pity her, but Virtue has its Bounds ;
 Excess is faulty, we must sometimes wave

Too rigid Right——*Osman*, when blest with thee,
His utmost Wish replete, shall then expatiate,
Look round the various Globe, pursue each Plan
Where Glory points the Way, and bless Mankind.

A P H E N D I N A.

Osman! thy Words steal gently on my Senses,
And bear me smoothly down th' enchanting Stream
Of soft Persuasion——We're prepar'd to admit
Whate'er our Wishes prompt us to believe.

O S M A N.

Clear up my Fair! and give a Loose to Joy;
Rival the Glories of the *Delian* God,
When in his Chariot flaming thro' the East,
He dissipates the Gloom, and brightens Day:
Let then that Radiance beaming thro' those Eyes,
Shed kinder Influence, dispel each Cloud.
Let not my Empress' Bosom chill with Fear,
But glow with Prospect of our future Joys:
Anxiety and Care shall stand aloof,
In Wonder wrapt pay Homage to these Charms,
Nor dare t' intrude, where Love, and Peace, and Joy,
Triumph enthron'd on *Aphendina's* Breast. [Exeunt.]

End of the Third Act.

A C T

 ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Palace.

*Sultan, APHENDINA, Vizier, Mufti, Bassas, Beglerbegs,
and Soldiers, all as in Procession from the Marriage :
The Sultan and APHENDINA ascend the Throne, the rest
range themselves.*

O S M A N.

THIS Day be sacred in our *Turkish* Annals,
Which makes the peerless *Aphendina* mine.
O! that the World were all at my Dispose,
To make the nobler Off'ring to my Love!
The whole Sex's Worth is *Aphendina's* Dower,
Which throws at Distance *Osman's* best Returns.

A P H E N D I N A

You rate, most mighty Lord! my mean Perfections
At too great Price; I fear my future Merit,
At best, should sink beneath your Highness's Standard.

Next

Next to being perfect, is to aim to be so;
Which lying within my Pow'r, shall not be wanting.

A S H A D.

Most mighty Lord! accept my Gratitude,
For this excessive Honour done my Daughter,
And me in her——My Duty's to exhort you,
To be attentive to your proper Glory;
Let not th' Affection which you bear your Bride,
Bias your Justice, or your Clemency,
But let your Love for Virtue still preside.
——And you, my Daughter late, but now my Empress,
Maintain by Virtue, what Virtue has atchiev'd;
Give faithful Council, be affectionate;
In Duty as in Rank, excel all others;
Nor influence your Lord to aught unjust:
Long may ye both enjoy a prosp'rous Reign.

V I Z I E R.

Invincible Emperor! most mighty *Osman*!
Permit your Slave, i'th' Name of all the States,
Beglerbeks, Bassas, and the many Millions
Of humblest Servants to our Royal Master,
To testify their Joy at this Solemnity.
——What Blessings may we not assure ourselves,
Will issue from a Conduct so refin'd!

Our

Our former Emp'rors, despotick Ravagers!
 Preying on Beauty with resistless Will,
 Have glory'd in a Latitude of Action;
 While you, great Sir! their Junior far in Years,
 Descending from the Monarch to the Man,
 Have taken to your Arms one beauteous Bride,
 Relinquishing the Sex for her alone:
 May your Descendants multiply to Thousands!
 Truly inheriting your Qualities;
 And may the *Ott'man* State ne'er want a Prince,
 Of your illustrious Line to grace the Throne.

O S M A N.

Next to my Joys conceiv'd for *Aphendina*,
 Your warm Affection fills my royal Breast.
 I chose to solemnize these Rites in publick,
 To shew, that I contemn not Laws in general,
 But those which have not Reason for their Basis,
 And that I mean to square my future Actions
 By that equal Rule——This ye shall not fail
 To find in *Osman*, while he sways the Sceptre.

Princes should act as gracious Heav'n design'd,
 And deal out Happiness to all Mankind;
 Born for the Publick Weal, their Aim should be,
 To constitute their Subjects great and free. [Ex.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Sultana Queen's Apartments.**MIRZA and two Odalisks.**M I R Z A.*

YOU urge in vain, *Osman* is not to blame;
 A softer Creature Nature never form'd:
 What tho' my Woes sit heavily upon me,
 Can she prevent them? it was *Osman's* Will:
 She prides not over me, but sooths my Grief
 With ev'ry friendly Art, which not prevailing,
 Commixes Tears with mine in mere Compassion.

First O D A L I S K.

A very Crocodile! fie on your Weakness:
 No doubt, she laughs in private at your Woe;
 Sly, crafty Authorefs of your Undoing;
 Quit her, and follow *Kiossem's* Advice.

M I R Z A.

I cannot contradict my Sense so grossly:
 In plain, I love her; nay, I could adore her;
 But *Osman* interposes to my Mind——
 O Love! O Friendship! cruel——tender Names!

Whence

Whence have you Pow'r to rack the human Frame,
 And torture't thus with agonizing Pain!
 Anger——Revenge——those Monsters of the Mind,
 Are petty Tyrants, when compar'd with you.
 Unhappy *Mirza*! can't forget her *Osman*,
 Nor hate her Rival, tho' they have undone her.

[*Exit Mirza.*

Second O D A L I S K.

Her Prejudice is fix'd beyond Remove;
 How shall we mention it to *Kiossem*?

First O D A L I S K.

She's never at a Loss, or wants a Means
 To bring about the most amazing Things;
 We must inform her of it, or we're undone. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Empress's Apartment.

A P H E N D I N A sola.

THE Sultan bears a Weight upon his Brow,
 Sure nought in me can give Occasion for it:
 O! that I could enucleate and descend

L

Into

Into the close Recesses of his Soul !
 Bear all his Cares and his Inquietudes.
 I must be satisfied, I'm not the Cause
 Of this Dejection, that would rive my Heart ;
 I will attempt it, soon as he returns ;
 But, here he comes, pray Heav'n I don't offend him.

[Enter Sultan.

Most mighty Lord! I crave an humble Boon,
 But let it please your Highness, that I ask.

O S M A N.

When *Aphendina* sues, the Boon's inverted ;
 She cannot ask too much, nor *Osman* grant.

A P H E N D I N A.

Osman, you know I love ; then with what Hope,
 Can I behold your Highness sigh before me ;
 Look heavily, and muse, and sigh again ?
 Is it, my *Osman*, that you've made me Empress ?
 Is it that you've confin'd yourself to me ?
 Is it from any Cause I can redress ?
 Command me *Osman*, to Life's utmost Verge,
 I'll acquiesce ; but let not *Osman* sigh,
 I cannot bear it, till I know the Cause :
 Oh! racking Thought! *Osman* may sigh at me.

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

No, *Aphendina*, thy superior Merit
 Hourly renews thy faithful *Osman*'s Love :
 Rest satisfy'd, my Dear, 'tis not at Thee,
 Thy *Osman* fights, nor suits it that ye know,
 Till met in Council, I reveal my Mind :
 Chear up my Queen, cast off this mournful Guise,
 Be ever joyous in your *Osman*'s Presence :
 You shall to Council with me, there the Cause. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Scene opens and discovers the Council.

Enter OSMAN and APHENDINA to them, and seat themselves.

O S M A N.

MY Lords! a critical Affair of State,
 Demands in Council your united Voices :
 My Janizaries are a restless Corps,
 Strongly addicted to rebellious Principles ;
 Full prone to Mutiny ; soon roused to Action ;
 Expressive Tokens of a Set of Cowards,

L 2

And

And they behaved as such i'th' *Polish* War.
 Their Tongues licentious, with Invectives fraught,
 Against my Throne and Ministry dispencc,
 Their venom'd Treasons publickly abroad.
 — Pernicious Donatives on each new Reign,
 Make Changes acceptable: These by Design
 Defenders of the State; Destroyers rather!
 On ev'ry Sultan's Death turn Plunderers,
 Spoil the Imperial City, and escape,
 By joyning to proclaim the Successor;
 In Brief, no Law can curb their Villainies,
 Nor's any Crime too gross for their Commission.
 These Motives urge me to dissolve their Order;
 Unwilling in a Matter so momentous,
 Rashly, to act without your sage Advice:
 My Queen! what say you? let me have your Thoughts.

A P H E N D I N A.

I would reserve myself for after hearing.

V I Z I E R.

Most gracious Sov'reign! all you've urg'd is just;
 But Dangers insurmountable attend it:
 The Soldiers know their Pow'r, will abuse it
 On the most slight Suggestions to their Damage;
 Unless th' Imperial City was remov'd,

Grand

Grand Cairo or *Damascus* claim Preheminence,
 (If so resolv'd) before all other Cities ;
 In one of these, your Highness might at Pleasure,
 Exterminate these Enemies of Princes ;
 The People's Voice, would second the Transaction,
 Who hate the Janizaries as their Foes.

O S M A N.

T'is well, we've had your Sentiments, retire ;
 This Thought will do, 'tis worthy of my Vizier.

[*Exit all but Sultan and Aphendina, who rise.*]

A P H E N D I N A.

My Lord ! I think with Horror to reflect,
 On the Resolve your Highness is pursuing :
 Are not the Soldiers Masters of the City ?
 Have they not ris'n against their own Commanders ?
 Expell'd 'em hence, and like an headless Corps,
 Are ripe for ev'ry mischievous Impression.
 Then suffer me t'intreat your Majesty,
 Make sure the Janizaries, cajole that Corps,
 Never engage with them in open Rupture :
 I tremble but to think, this Day's Debate
 Should reach their Ears ; for good, my Lord, what is there
 You've not to fear, from their rude Insolence ?
 Your Crown, your Life itself, may fall before 'em,
 And Death alone bring Ease to *Aphendina*.

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

Fear not, my lovely Spouse! I have a Project
Ris'n in my Breast, shall baffle ev'ry Danger:

—A Pilgrimage to *Mecca* will secure us,
And closely cover my design'd Retreat:
Yes, that shall do, and instant Preparations
Shall be commenc'd to prosecute my Will.

[*Re-enter Vizier.*

Vizier! I'm fixt upon a Tour to *Mecca*;
Dispatch my Equipage; my Uncle *Mustapha*,
And all my Brothers, shall attend me thither:
Give necessary Orders to the Court.

V I Z I E R.

I will, my Lord.

O S M A N.

Thus far for publick Notice; a Word privately—

[*Taking him aside.*

Give Orders for twelve Gallies to be fitted,
Ship all my Treasure and rich Furniture;
Make known, I take them with me to prepare,
A nobler Off'ring at the Prophet's Shrine;
When all is ready, I'm prepar'd to move:
Then privately send Notice to *Grand Cairo*,
For all the *Asiatic* Troops to meet me:

Commit

Commit it to a trusty * *Ichoglan*,
 With instant Orders to pursue his Journey :
 Attend on me again, when this is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Kiosem's Apartments.

KIOSEM *and* PHESALIE.

K I O S E M.

LOST and undone ! This sudden Resolution
 Distracts my Brain ; Ideas rise so fast,
 They jostle out each other from my Mind ;
 E're I conclude on which to fix my Hopes,
 My wonted Spirits revert upon my Sense,
 And dam it up——I've no Expedient left
 T'extricate myself, or save my *Amurath*.

P H E S A L I E.

Madam, this ill-tim'd Passion stifles Thought,
 Nor leaves a Scope for calm Deliberation :
 Why should you judge your Children less secure,

* A Courier.

Among

Among some Thousand Forces to attend them,
 Than now confined under the * *Aghasi*?
 One Person's Will may sooner be corrupted,
 At least commanded, than a Multitude's.

K I O S E M.

O! no; their Uncle *Mustapha*, and they,
 Are led to Slaughter in the dreary Defart;
 Where one by one, neglected, they'll be lost,
 And all at last seem but the Work of Nature:
Osman's Immensity of Craft confounds me,
 Checks my Pursuits, and frustrates all my Measures:
 But Med'cine is extracted from the Asp——
 This Over-reach shall farther my Designs.

[*Enter two of Kiosem's Eunuchs.*

O! happy Men——so opportunely sent,
 To serve your Mistress in Extremity.
 Be instant at the Janizaries' Chamber;
 Tell 'em, his Highness purposes for *Mecca*;
 That they are to conduct him thro' the Defarts,
 Where h'as appointed Troops of *Arabians*,
 From Ambuscade, t' attack 'em unprepar'd;
 Dispatch 'em, and succeed to their Employ:
 Bid 'em advance to stop the Sultan's Journey,

* A chief Officer in the Seraglio.

By

By ev'ry Means, or they come too late——
 Tell 'em, three Suns appearing at Midday,
 Prognosticate great Changes in the State,
 For them reserv'd ; that Prodigies from Heaven
 Ought not to be neglected ; but that they,
 Whose Pow'r extends to the deposing Sov'reigns,
 Should act conformable to Heav'n's Decrees.

[*Exeunt Eunuchs.*

——'Tis well, my Mind grows calmer ; I'll to Court,
 And strive to gain farther Intelligence. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

A Council of Janizaries.

First JANIZARY.

SHALL we sit tamely, 'till our Throats are cut ?
 Our Order stript of all its antient Ensigns ;
 Cashier'd, and render'd useless to the State ?
 Let us recal our glorious Predecessors
 To mind, reflect on their illustrious Actions,
 Make them our Precedent, who bravely struggled
 Thro' Seas of Blood to raise themselves a Name.

M

Second

Second ♪ *A N I Z A R Y.*

Unking'd the boldest; rais'd to Dignity
Those, in their Judgments, were the most deserving;
But never suffer'd Insults 'gainst themselves.

Third ♪ *A N I Z A R Y.*

What plainer Indication of base Views,
Than this pretended Pilgrimage to *Mecca*?

Fourth ♪ *A N I Z A R Y.*

I am inform'd, and that from no mean Hand,
Destruction waits us in th' *Arabian* Desarts:
The Manner is concerted, and the Authors.

Fifth ♪ *A N I Z A R Y.*

And we like Sheep before the Butcher's Cur,
Are to be drove, incautious to the Slaughter.
No! by the Head of *Mahomet* I swear,
Tho' all my Brethren's Courage fail, mine shall not.

First ♪ *A N I Z A R Y.*

What boots it wasting Breath in Conference?
Our Overthrow's determin'd——

Second ♪ *A N I Z A R Y.*

Words lose but Time;
Prepare we for Defence——

Third

O S M A N.

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Third J A N I Z A R Y.

Demand the Vizier's,

And Preceptor's Heads——

Fourth J A N I Z A R Y.

A Stop immediate

To th' intended Journey, and strict Indempnity
For our Proceedings.

O M N E S.

Agreed, agreed, agreed.

First J A N I Z A R Y.

Prepare, and rendezvous in Half an Hour. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

The Empress's Lodgings.

APHENDINA and ASHAD.

A P H E N D I N A.

I Dread, my Father! *Osman's* Violence
Will hurry down Destruction on our Heads;
One general Murmur fills th' Imperial City:
The Janizaries, rank for Mutiny,

M 2

Wait

Wait but a Spark to set them in a Blaze :
 What the Result of that will be, Heav'n knows !

A S H A D.

The melancholy Prospect gives me Pain :
 I've made Remonstrances, but his great Heart,
 Unshaken in Misfortune, as Tranquility,
 Imputes it all to Tim'roufness in me——
 " What ! shall a Servant dare control his Lord ?"
 He cries——" I'll frown them to Obedience."
 Twere pity, as to him, intrepid Courage
 So close accompanies consummate Virtue.
 Good Qualities are dauntless ; Principles
 Not self-condemning, dread no other Censure.
 If any thing unbends his Resolution,
 It must be you, my Daughter ! Urge your Fears,
 Intreat him for the Love of you, his Glory,
 But to relax the Rigour of his Purpose,
 And wait a more propitious Opportunity.

A P H E N D I N A

None of these Motives have escap'd my Pray'rs ;
 He grants me hearing with the mildest Temper,
 Embraces me, and says, "I am a Woman :"
 I can no more ; some abler Hand than mine
 Must paint our Miseries in blacker Colours.

The

The Vizier and Effendi, both against it,
 Will join their Voices to enforce your Reasons ;
 I shall be glad to hear that you prevail. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VIII.

Sultan and Vizier.

O S M A N.

HOW have the *Imams* sped among the Troops?
 Have they submitted to our Obedience?

V I Z I E R.

They're not return'd as yet, great Sir——My Lord!
 Might your Slave venture to propose his Thoughts,
 Your Highness should postpone this Enterprize ;
 Such Opposition rises from each Quarter,
 I wish my Suffering may save my Lord ;
 I hear they loudly clamour for my Head.

O S M A N.

Believe me, Vizier, they'll have mine as soon.

[Enter Ashad. Kneels.]

A S H A D.

My Lord, my Duty casts me at your Feet ;
 Mov'd by Affection, as your Priest and Father,
 T'implore

T'implore Compassion, for myself, your Spouse,
 Your Empire, Friends, and this Imperial City ;
 Blame not, great Sir, this humble Testimony,
 Of my sincere Attachment to your Highness :
 You see not with my Eyes, the mad Contagion
 Spreading thro' every Member of the Janizars ;
 That turb'lent Corps conceal their Rage no longer,
 Are now preparing to obtain by Force,
 What their sound Reasonings (they say) can't gain ;
 The * *Levantine*s deserting their Commanders,
 Join'd to the Soldiers, make their Numbers dreadful :
 For Heaven's sake, my Lord, appease their Fury,
 E're they proceed too far, to sound Retreat.

[*Enter two Cadileskiers, presenting a Paper.*

O S M A N.

How durst you venture to approach our Presence
 Uncall'd for ?

C A D I L E S K I E R S.

Mighty Lord, we were compell'd.

O S M A N.

Was ever daring Insolence like this ! [*Reads.*
 What ! am I menac'd here with Fire and Sword,
 For following the Dictates of my Will,

* The Turkish Marine.

My

My Reason rather? Tell th' audacious Rabble,
I am their Emperor, and will be obey'd.

[*Exeunt Cadileskiers, and enter Aphendina.*]

A P H E N D I N A.

Most gracious Lord, my Emp'ror, my Husband!
By all the sacred Ties of human Nature!
Your Dignity, your Empire, and your Love,
Take Pity on a poor distracted Woman,
Whose Grief's too pungent for Alleviation,
But from a gentle Answer of your Highness.
The rapid Torrent of curst Difaffection,
Not to your Highness's Person, but Designs,
Drives on the Soldiers with resistless Motion,
To sacrifice (as they proclaim) th' Advisers
Of your pernicious Schemes against the Empire.
O! let Compassion reach your gen'rous Heart,
And melt it into Mercy for the Opprest;
Your Wife the chief, your dearest *Aphendina*;
My Father, my Lord Vizier, and the many,
Your faithful Friends, who'd rather die than leave you.
My dearest Lord, consider what y' oppose,
Licentious Rabble, excited by their Fears
And Jealousies, to murder and destroy.
The good, the bad, the great, the infamous,

Meet

Meet equal Fate in gen'ral Massacres ;
 But those, whose Pow'r may call 'em to Account,
 Are sure to feel the Weight of their Resentment :
 One Word from you, my Lord, may stop the Rise,
 When your Life only may retard their Progress.

O S M A N.

You, pow'rful Advocate! can't plead in vain ;
 Rise and embrace me, dearest *Aphendina* ;
 You have your Wish ; tell 'em, I will not leave 'em :
 And you, fair Princess, set your Heart at Rest,
 And follow me.

A P H E N D I N A.

With right good Will, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

The Janizaries in confus'd March.

[*Enter a Messenger from the Sultan.*]

M E S S E N G E R.

C Ommend me to the Aga of your Order,
 I have a Message from the Emperor.

First J A N I Z A R Y.

We have no Aga ; what's your Bus'ness with him ?

M E S-

M E S S E N G E R.

Then my Commands are to you all. I'm t' inform---

O M N E S.

Hear him, hear him—Silence! begin, begin.

M E S S E N G E R.

I'm t' inform ye, 'tis his Highness's Will,
Finding his Journey gave Dissatisfaction,
To all his loving Soldiers, and his Subjects,
At their Request, quite to relinquish it :
For as he strives in ev'ry other Action,
To do his Subjects pleasure ; so in this.

♪ A N I Z A R I E S *Omnes.*

Allah, Allah, *Osman, Osman, Allah ;*
Long live our noble gen'rous Emp'ror *Osman !*
[*Exit Messenger, and enter Levantines with an*
Ichoglân.

First L E V A N T I N E.

Along, along with him ; bring him along :
We met this Fellow loit'ring on the Shore ;
And having seiz'd him, found a trait'rous Letter,
Which speaks its own Contents, better than we can.
[*A Janizary reads.*

To the Bassa of Grand Cairo.

“ We have for many Reasons resolv'd to transfer our
“ Seat of Empire to our antient City of *Grand Cairo,*
N “ whither

“ whither we are about to transmit our own Treasure
 “ with those of our Fathers. We command you, there-
 “ fore, at Sight hereof, to set forwards, to meet us, with
 “ all the Forces of our Kingdom of *Egypt*.”

O S M A N.

Second ♪ *A N I Z A R Y*.

O! Villainy——O! *Mahomet*! this is the Journey.
 You’ve heard the Letter, and mark’d the Contents:
 What say you t’ it?

O M N E S.

Let’s chuse a Head, and march.

Third ♪ *A N I Z A R Y*.

Shall *Aly Aga* be your new Commander?

O M N E S.

He shall, he shall; *Aly Aga*, he shall.

Fourth ♪ *A N I Z A R Y*.

First let us find the Mufti, and compel him
 To march before us to the Seraglio.

O M N E S.

Agreed, agreed; march, *Aly Aga*, march. [*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E

S C E N E X.

The Court before the Seraglio.

OSMAN, VIZIER, APHENDINA, USSAIN, *talking at an open Window. Enter Janizaries, calling aloud for the Vizier and Treasurer.*

O S M A N.

H O! what's the Meaning of this Insolence?
[From the Window.]

A L Y A G A.

Send us the Head of *Dilaver* Vizier,

O S M A N.

Your Arrogance will claim the Sultan's next.

A L Y.

Descend, and answer for our Injuries.

O S M A N.

Arm, arm, my Friends; I'll make a Sally on 'em :
Their Menaces are worse to me than Death.

A P H E N D I N A.

My Lord! my Lord! expose not that dear Life,
They may be pacify'd; be calm, my *Osman*;
The Uproar is so loud, they cannot hear you :
Sign but a Writing with your Hand, my Lord,

Affuring them the Journey's laid aside,
And of your friendly Disposition to 'em,
They'll be entreated, and return to Duty.

O S M A N.

My dearest Princess! I had sooner died,

[Writes and throws it.]

Than any other had extorted this.
I know their Perfidy, this won't content 'em,
This Shew of Fear, but heightens their Demand.

V I Z I E R.

Great Sir! the Hazard of your sacred Person,
May be prevented by exposing mine;
I cannot wish to die a nobler Victim:
These dang'rous Tumults scarce subside again,
But by the Sacrifice of a Vizier.
Then what am I, to have a Wish for Safety?

O S M A N.

Thou art a worthy Man, nor fear'st to die. *[Embracing.]*
Myself am honest—and I fear as little:
A gallant Man disdains to die by Proxy;
No, if their Aim is Blood, let it be mine.

V I Z I E R.

At least deposing me, make *Ussain* Vizier;
Let him descend, and try his Art to gain 'em.

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

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O S M A N.

If this you would advise me, be it so.

U S S A I N.

I shall not dread t' expose my Life to serve you.

[Uffain descends.]

Most noble *Aly!* deign to hear my Message;
His Highness has depos'd *Dilaver* Vizier;
The Seal's committed to my Care: Your Injuries
In open Conference shall be discuss'd.

[Enter Kiosem's two Eunuchs.]

Choose of your Chiefs, twelve Deputies To-morrow—
Charg'd with Demands—Myself will give them Audience,
And settle all Things to our mut'al Interests.

A L Y.

What we demand, my Lord, is antient Freedom,
A due Regard t' our venerable Order,
And that his Highness will forego his Journey.

U S S A I N.

Aly! We shan't be long adjusting this;
It is his Highness's Pleasure so to be.

A L Y.

Then we'll withdraw, and nominate our Proxies.

[Kiosem's Eunuchs to the Janizaries, aside.]

First E U N U C H.

What! will your Leader leave you in the Toil?

S E-

O S M A N.

S E C O N D.

Is it for this your Force hath been collected?

F I R S T.

Can any Man believe but you're undone?

S E C O N D.

They wait but Time to bring th' *Arabians* on you,
And other *African* and *Asian* Troops.

F I R S T.

You can't conceive, their Hearts inclin'd to Peace.

S E C O N D.

You shall be seconded by noble Hands.

F I R S T.

Depose this *Osman*, this projecting Sultan;
We've Blood enough, as yet, of *Ottoman*.

S E C O N D.

To indicate this is the Sense above;
Here, take these Gifts, in Token of their Favour,
[*Distributes Money.*]
It shall be Ten-fold, when the Work is done.

A L L.

File off—a Treaty is agreed upon. [*Janizaries Cabal.*]

First J A N I Z A R Y.

With whom?

S E C O N D.

For what?

T H I R D.

T H I R D.

We choose you not our Judge,
But temporary Leader.—

F O U R T H.

We'll retire.
When what conven'd us here, is executed. [Break in.

F I R S T.

Here's the Disturber of the Empire's Peace.

S E C O N D.

We'll have his Head. [Find Dilaver, and kill him.

T H I R D.

This is another of 'em. [Kill Kisler Aga.

F O U R T H.

Destroy 'em all, let not a Man escape.

F I F T H.

March with their Heads in Triumph to our Friends ;
The Night approaching, let's return To-morrow.

S I X T H.

Now, *Aly*, lead us off, we'll follow you,
And place young *Amurath* upon the Throne.

A L L.

He that commands a Multitude's their Tool,
And must be subject, if he means to rule.

End of the Fourth Act.

 ACT V. SCENE I.

ALY writing; to him USSAIN VIZIER.

ALY.

MY good Lord *Uffain*! what has drawn you forth,
Before the Dawn of Day?

USSAIN.

The Hope of finding

Aly, unbent from other publick Cares,

And ready to admit my Conference:

I choose to settle the Preliminaries

With you, before the Deputies' Arrival;

It may both quicken and facilitate

The Terms and Method of Accommodation.

[Enter Servant.]

SERVANT.

My Lord! two Strangers beg Admittance to you.

ALY.

What Characters bear they?

S E R-

O S M A N.

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S E R V A N T.

The one's a Spahi,
The other seems a Person of Distinction.

A L Y.

Usher 'em in——Lord Vizier, you'll excuse

[Exit Servant.

My introducing Strangers to your Presence.

[Enter Sultan dressed like a Spahi, and Uffain;
Sultan looks stern without speaking.

My Lord! my Sovereign! my Emperor!

[Starts.

O S M A N.

How comes it, *Aly*, you should pay Respect
To Majesty depos'd, under Disguise;
Yet rise in Arms against me on the Throne?
What Tyranny, what Injustice have I done,
That should exact such heinous Treatment from you?
'Tis true, I purpos'd to withdraw myself
From factious Insolence and mad Caprice:
Err'd I in this? Am I not justified
In my form'd Conduct, from the present Outrage?
——This, notwithstanding, willing to content you,
I acquiesc'd to pretermitt my Journey,
Waiting Submission for my Condescension:
But, to return my Favour, you've destroy'd

O

The

The Man I chiefly valued——*Dilaver* :
 And is it *Aly*? is it that same *Aly*,
 On whose Fidelity ('till now untainted)
 I would have plac'd the Safety of my Head,
 Who leads these miscreant Wretches to dethrone me?
 See, *Aly*, then——that *Osman* you abhor,
 Avoiding Death by a less noble Hand,
 Unfolds his Bosom to receive the Stroke;
 Strike, *Aly*, strike; your Emp'ror bids you strike.

A L Y.

Alas, my Lord! yourself has giv'n a Wound,

[*Kneeling.*

More pungent to my Soul, than bitt'rest Death:
 Thou Sun! great Minister of Light! no more
 Display thy Beams, retract thy Influence;
 My glaring Villainy obscures thy Presence;
 I am not worthy to behold my Emperor,
 Yet cannot die 'till after Expiation,
 By sacrificing all in his Defence.

O S M A N.

Rise, live, be faithful; may your Repentance
 Be equally sincere with my Forgiveness;
 Time's short, make such Proposals to the Rebels
 As I may offer, and they best receive;
 Myself will here attend the Issue on't.

[*Exeunt.*

O S M A N

O S M A N *solus.*

What dire Events are incident to Royalty,
From those Props destin'd to sustain its Being!
—In what few Hands the Empire of the World!
How many Millions subject to one Man!
Yet all are govern'd by their several Interests:
From whence this Servitude, but from our Interests?
The Prince, Dispenser of all earthly Favours,
Makes Distribution to some chosen Minions;
All others lean on them for a Support,
In just Progression to the meanest Slave:
Those, to preserve themselves, maintain his Rights;
These, for Protection, follow their Example:
Those Numbers, whom one Interest conjoins,
Are only terrible to sov'reign Power,
And may alone be justly stil'd that Power:
This the Condition of my Janizaries;
Their Interests so united in each Member,
No Part can suffer, but the Body feels it,
And Feeling will resent, while Force remains:
My Predecessors, hurry'd by their Passions,
Deserting Reason's Guide, oppress'd Mankind;
Men injur'd, will resist: Those form a Power
Sufficient to maintain their lawless Rule;

Little confidering, that very Strength
 Bears equal Enmity againſt themſelves,
 (With thoſe they're bought to curb) upon Occaſion,
 Or truly given, or at leaſt preſum'd.

——I've preſs'd too hard upon my Janizaries ;
 One Chain of Nature holds thro' all Mankind ;
 And not to act like Men, were to be more :
 Fear, join'd to Hate, bears down all Oppoſition ;
 Then, leſt they fall, they'll think it meet that I ſhould.

[Enter Huſſan.

H U S S A N.

Fly ! fly, my Lord ! I have not Time t' inform !
 The curſed Actions of the wicked Janizaries :
 O ! fly, my Lord !

O S M A N.

Huſſan, I will not ſtir,

'Till I've the Cauſe.

H U S S A N.

My Lord, the Vizier open'd your Inſtructions,
 With all Benevolence amongſt the Troops ;
Aly then back'd it with your Royal Word,
 And had proceeded, but their inſtant Fury
 Hack'd him to Pieces——took the Vizier's Head,
 And ecchoing dreadful Shouts of *Amurath*,

Are

O S M A N.

101

Are hither on their March, to seize your Highness——

[Noise without.]

Fly! fly, my Lord! they're here——

O S M A N.

I'll meet my Fate

Undaunted; conscious Honour be my Guard:

Let them come on——

[The Janizaries force in and kill Hufsan.]

H U S S A N.

O! spare his Majesty——

[The Janizaries at a Stand.]

O S M A N.

Why stand ye trembling thus? Behold your Lord!

'Tis *Osman* speaks; for Shame, lay down your Arms——

What! Thousands to a single Man?

[Janizaries rushing on him, he resists and kills some.]

First J A N I Z A R Y.

Don't hear him.

S E C O N D.

Secure our Enemy——

T H I R D.

Bring the Projector

To publick Shame——

FOURTH.

F O U R T H.

Revenge! we'll be reveng'd!

O M N E S.

Revenge! Revenge——Away! Away with him!

[*Exeunt with Osman.*]

S C E N E II.

The Street.

The expell'd Aga and Lieutenant of the Janizaries meeting.

L I E U T E N A N T.

O! Aga; what a wretched World we live in?
The *Porte* is all Confusion!—What brought you
here?

Be cautious.

A G A.

Hearing a Treaty was propos'd,
And Matters like to be accommodated,
I ventur'd forth (in Safety, as I thought)
In this Disguise; but long I had not roam'd,
When the most fatal, and afflicting Sight,

My

My Eyes had e'er 'till then beheld, appear'd ;
Osman! the brave, the valiant, gen'rous *Osman!*
Conducted like a dang'rous Criminal,
Amid the Shouts, the Taunts, th' Execrations,
Of the insulting, barb'rous Janizaries :
He, still the Prince, and all Benignity :
Patience sat smiling on his awful Brow,
Temper'd with Majesty, serenely great :
He urg'd the Soldiers to dispatch his Life,
And not commit him to the Executioner——
My Heart dropt Blood at the detested Spectacle,
And was the only one among the Croud,
That, touch'd with Sense of Horror, shew'd Compassion.
The Shops were all close shut, no Man appear'd,
But backwards fled, t' avoid the tragick Sight ;
Nor was a Creature stirring in the Streets,
But the inhuman Actors of this Scene——
My Rage had well nigh laid me open to 'em ;
But not to throw an useless Life away,
I master'd my Distraction by Constraint :
I was resolv'd to view the End ; so following
Among the Croud, beheld my Prince immur'd
Within the Prison of the Seven Towers :
What next will be his Fate, I'm ignorant.

L I E U-

L I E U T E N A N T.

This is no Time for us t' appear abroad;
 Friendship for *Osman*, were a Crime unpardonable.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Seraglio.

K I O S E M sola.

AT length I've gain'd the Summit of my Views:
 The Royal Diadem on *Amurath's* Head
 O'erpays my glorious Toil, and loud proclaims,
 That nought transcends the Genius of a Woman:
 E'en Man, who stiles himself Creation's Lord,
 And boasts superior Knowledge and Address,
 Is but a Dupe——'Tis *Kiossem* governs all——
 My Son, my *Amurath* reigns!—But, ha! how reigns——
 [Pausing.]

Does not the Diadem waver on his Head
 While *Osman* lives?——It does, it does! That Name
 Strikes Terror thro' the Soul of *Kiossem*——
 Why?——Is not the Sound of *Am'rath* as great

As

As that of *Osman*——Unsex thee, *Kiossem*;
 Secure the Prize of Royalty——I have't: [Mus'g.
 ——He can't but serve me for his late Advancement;
 Nay, 'tis his own Security; our Interests
 Are intertwin'd: But see, he's here.

[Enter Daut Vizier and Bassa of Bosnia.

D A U T.

Thus, let
 Me pay m' Acknowledgments to your Highness.
 [Kneeling.

K I O S E M.

Not thus, Vizier; it shall not be, arise;
 Your Excellency's Merit's too conspicuous,
 To strongly mark'd to pass unnoticed.

D A U T.

Your Highness honours me with your Opinion.

K I O S E M.

Not mine alone, Vizier; the whole Divan
 Yields Approbation to our Choice, as conscious
 That ablest Men demand the highest Stations:
 Then who so fit as *Daut* to recompose
 The Tremors of the State, to aid my *Amurath*
 Ith' glorious Work of Peace, and harmonize
 The jarring Discord of the furious *Porte*?

P

I

I know, my *Daut*, you have a piercing Genius;
 Like Lightning penetrate the close Receffes
 Of human Nature, and explore the Soul;
 This is the Statesman's Part: Believe me, Vizier,
 The Charge of Empire is no trifling Weight.

D A U T.

The Steersman must be ever on his Guard,
 Watch ev'ry Gale, from the rough Hurricane
 Down to the gentle Breathe; take all Advantages
 T'avoid the Shelves and Rocks, that in his Way,
 Unseen by vulgar Eyes, portend Destruction.

K I O S E M.

Destruction! nam'st thou? You've alarm'd my Fears!
 This petulant Boy—this *Osman*! has convuls'd
 The State.

D A U T.

He can no more; in Bonds secure,
 What have we thence to dread?

K I O S E M.

Thou know'st not *Osman*,
 If fondly confident you dismiss your Fears.

D A U T.

There may arise Suspicion thence, 'tis possible.

K I O-

K I O S E M.

There may, there may; nay, Men are most discerning.

D A U T.

Your Highness's Hints administer Suspicion——

K I O S E M.

O, nothing, nothing; 'tis mere Fancy all:
Our Fears oft favour of Impertinence.

D A U T.

Admit, my Princess, Women's often are
Mere Phantoms; yet your Highness's Penetration
Must not be rated by the common Standard:
Let me intreat you, Madam, to explain.

K I O S E M.

I think, thou lov'st me, Vizier.

D A U T.

Dearer far
Than Life or Honour——I am all Impatience.

K I O S E M.

I have been fanc'ing should the Soldiery
Take but a slight Disgust at *Amurath*,
(As who so upright but may tread awry)
I say, I'm thinking——*Osman* may——but——

B A S S A of Bosnia.

Pardon the Interruption of your Slave,
 Who dares presume to read your Highness's Doubts :
 The Soldiery pay Deference to *Osman*,
 And hold his Qualities in Estimation ;
 Tho' they're disgusted with his fav'rite Scheme ;
 And to ingratiate themselves again,
 May reinthrone——I'd not anticipate ;
 Perhaps they're idle Fears.

K I O S E M.

Nay, for myself
 I dread not, but for *Am'rath's* Friends ;
 They'll be mark'd out undoubtedly for Ruin.

D A U T.

I own 'tis just ; I'll keep strict Guard on *Osman* ;
 None shall approach : Indeed, there's Cause for Fear.

K I O S E M.

For Fear ! Sure I've mista'en thee, Vizier ;
 Thou art not the Man thy Princess thought thee :
 Is this the resolute, experienc'd *Daut* ?
 Now with a Woman's Whine to whimper out,
 " Indeed there's Cause for Fear."——Away, away ;
 Thou lov'st me not.

D A U T.

D A U T.

Highly you wrong me, Madam ;
Command my Life on that Experiment :
Propose, what would your Highness?

K I O S E M.

Osman lives——

D A U T.

My gracious Queen! in Pity to your Slave, [Pauses.
Urge me not on the Precipice of Fate.

K I O S E M.

As sure as *Osman* lives, from that same Precipice
So certain Ruin waits thee.

D A U T.

But, my Princess!
For me to offer at a Life like *Osman's*——

K I O S E M.

You——You a Statesman? and want Resolution
To steal a Life pernicious to the Crown!
Can th' Hand of Power, back'd by Authority,
Be wanting in the Means? a Thousand offer,
Amurath will hug thee for't ; too well he knows
His Footing insecure, while *Osman* lives ;
Then think'st thou, he'd not venerate the Hand,
That should release him from his potent Rival?

D A U T.

D A U T.

Madam, you are obey'd, conclude it done.

[*Exeunt Kiosem and Daut.*]

B A S S A of Bosnia solus.

To what curs'd Villainy is Greatness subject?
 The Vizier will not rest, till 'tis compleated;
 Vizier! why so? myself had prior Claim,
 What was his Merit, more than mine? By *Mahomet*!
 Not half so much—O! I remember well,
 Upon the Banks of *Tyre*, *Lub'mirski's* Forces
 Had well nigh put to rout our num'rous Host,
 Had not great *Osman* hap'ly interven'd.
 Did not this *Daut* then meanly sculk behind,
 Nor once come up to back the gallant *Osman*?
 The gallant! said I? yes, the gallant *Osman*—

[*Pausing.*]

—That thou we'rt brave, thy Enemies proclaim;
 Has't born Indignities unparallel'd,
 Each gen'rous Mussulman with Shame confesses.
 —Then this flagitious Plot against thy Life,
 Be it my glorious Part to counteract:
 I'll to the Mufti, traverse his Designs.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

A M U R A T H solus.

HOW cumb'rous is the State of Royalty?
 Was it not gilded o'er with Name of Majesty,
 What Man would gorge the Bait? What! tho' the Voice
 Of Millions shouted *Amurath*? hail'd me Emperor!
 Vain is the Joy, vain is the popular Puff.
 Some Hours past they did as much for *Osman*:
 Heav'n knows I fought it not, nor had I Cause;
Osman was ever great; his gen'rous Soul
 Disdain'd the murd'rous Maxims of our State,
 And scorn'd by Fratricide, t'ensure his Reign.
 O! *Osman*, thy unhappy Fate imbitters
 The Gust of Empire; but a Time will come,
 Thy Wrongs shall be redress'd.

[*Enter a Eunuch, presents a Letter.*

Ha! from *Ashad*: [*Reads.*

" Was I Stranger to my Emperor's Goodness, I should
 " not have presumed, to lay this undoubted Truth at his
 " Feet. The Greatness of *Amurath's* Soul can't coun-
 " tenance enormous Villainy.—The Life of *Osman* is
 " in immediate Danger thro' the Artifices of *Daut*.——

" O!

" O! Royal Sir! reflect on his Concern for you, and fly
 " to his Relief. ASHAD."

O! Villain, Villain! most abandon'd Villain! [Exit.

S C E N E V.

*The Prison of the Seven Towers.*O S M A N *solus.*

ROYALTY, farewell! thy abrupt Desertion
 Was so unfriendly, I'll not recall thee:
 Thou parted'st from me with so ill a Grace,
 I spurn thy Quittance; I will not sooth thee:
 I thank thee, *Mahomet*! 'tis now I triumph,
 Crown'd with the Laurel conscious Virtue gives:
 I've reach'd the full Meridian of my Glory,
 And from that Full, now like a Meteor fall:
 —Is this my Palace? —Ha! here Darkness reigns;
 Horror and grim Dismay — Semblance of Chaos!
 E'er the Almighty spoke primæval Light.
 —Ha! Is not that, which pierces thro' yon Dome,
 The Gleam of Heav'n? O! that I could ascend,

Ride

Ride on the Winds, and in a Whirlwind pour,
 Like *Perseus*, to destroy the Monster, Faction,
 And fate my just Revenge——What's that which glides
 Along the gloomy Surface of the Wall! [Starts.

The Shadow of an Emperor——that am I——
 Be it so——Hark! didn't *Aphendina* call? [Starts again.

Ha! my prophetick Soul——Soft——soft——'twas she:

My Wife! my Wife! what do I feel for thee?

Now am I fall'n indeed, now *Osman's* conquer'd.

Hail! King of Terrors, hail! I court thee now.

[Looking round.

What have I left of all my past Possessions,

But this dear Relick?——*Aphendina's* Gift,

[Takes a Pocket-Book out of his Bosom.

When Love and Empire crown'd our happier Hours——

[Enter Daut.

From whence com'st thou? What Message do you bring?

D A U T.

My Lord! I tremble to relate my Tale;

This Order speaks itself from *Amurath*,

Our gracious Sov'reign; sorry I am, my Lot

should force upon me this ungrateful Office,

But my great Master's Will must be obey'd.

O S M A N.

O S M A N.

What do I fee! The Sentence of my Death! [*Reads.*
Have they had not enough of Blood already?

'Tis false, this cannot come from *Amurath*.

I us'd him otherwise when in my Power;

What am I guilty of? Alledge my Crime.

D A U T.

It is the Sultan's Pleasure—you must die.

O S M A N.

As it is the last Account I am to render,
Give me some time to clear myself to Heaven. [*Kneels.*

D A U T.

My Prefence is expected by the Emperor;
Be short, and I'll attend awhile upon you.

[*Enter two Mutes with Bow-Strings, on Sight of
whom Osman rises.*

O S M A N.

Are these the Messengers of Death? for shame!
Lend me a Poniard to dispatch my Life——
I was your Emperor, let me not fall
By th' ignoble Hands of Executioners——

[*Endeavours to seize a Scimitar, is prevented by*

Daut, who makes Signs to the Mutes to proceed.

You murd'ring Villains, take the just Reward

Of

Of your Barbarity——

[Knocks down one.

And thou, thou Traitor--- [Another.

Give me another—What a third—come on——

[While he is casting the third, comes one behind and
balters him. He dies.

D A U T.

He is dispatch'd at last; 'tis well, I'm easy.

[Daut going, enter Amurath and Guards.

A M U R A T H.

O! horrid Spectacle——Secure that Wretch.

[Pointing to Daut.

D A U T.

My Lord! [Kneels.

A M U R A T H.

Away with him to instant Death.

D A U T.

My Emperor!

A M U R A T H.

Away with him; no Parley with a Murderer.

[Exeunt Mutes with Daut.

Unhappy Prince! how art thou fallen, *Osman*!

Fatal Vicissitude of human Greatness!

——How wast thou lately deck'd in regal Pomp!

——How wast thou blest with ev'ry manly Grace!

Q 2

——How

—How doubly blest in *Aphendina's* Charms !
 Thy future Story shall be told with Weeping,
 And blast the Glory of our *Turkish* Annals.
 Could not thy Virtues save thee from the Grave !
 No, thy superior Merit hath undone thee :
 Sure Heav'n regards not the Affairs of Men,
 Else had not *Osman* died——Presumptuous *Amurath* !
 Would'st thou trace out the secret Paths of Providence ?
 Would'st read the Book of Fate ? Vain the Attempt ;
 'Tis well we can't : Each Enterprize of Moment
 Would then abortive prove ; enough for Man
 To know——is to submit.

Bear hence the Body,
 And give it Royal Obsequies——What's that ?
 [*As they take up the Body a Pocket-Book falls.*
 Give me the Book——Ha !——“ This to the Empress.”

[*Opens it, takes out a Paper and reads.*
 Pardon, *Aphendina*, that I thus presume——

“ I tremble for *Amurath*, he knows I always lov'd
 “ him ; it is from him I hope for memorable Revenge :
 “ Rest assured, my *Aphendina*, that Death itself shan't
 “ tear thee from the Heart of OSMAN.”

Most gen'rous Youth ! what have I lost in thee ?
 Thy Race was short, but glorious——Revenge thee !

Yes,

Yes, yes, my *Osman*, I will revenge thee.

Unhappy *Osman*!——Bear this to th' Empress.

*[Gives the Book. Going, is stopt by the Sultana Queen,
who enters with Attendants, forcing thro' the Guards.]*

M I R Z A.

Off! give me Way; I seek the Emperor——

O *Amurath*! behold a wretched Woman

Implores thy Mercy for the Life of *Osman*:

His Soul, unqualified to taste of Death,

Breathes only Love and Amity to you——

[Amurath pointing to the Corpse, she shrieks.]

Has the rude Grasp of Death then seiz'd my *Osman*!

Surely the Course of Nature is inverted,

And Order feels the Pangs of Dissolution——

Is *Amurath* cruel? has his recreant Will

Giv'n Sanction to this horrid Parricide?

A M U R A T H.

No, *Mirza*, I disdain the trait'rous Deed;

Would I had died to've sav'd the Life of *Osman*!

[Exit Amurath.]

M I R Z A.

Infernal Furies rattle o'er their Heads,

Impending Vengeance, for eternal Ages,

Shake their curs'd Souls with Horrors infinite,

Whose

Whose Hands unnat'ral revell'd in his Blood !
 ——But why lives *Mirza* to lament his Fall ?
 Why does she loiter on this hated Globe ?
 The World's no longer thine, dispatch thee hence——
[Stabs herself.]

Go, seek thy *Osman* thro' the Fields of Paradice,
 Rekindle in his Breast our former Loves,
 And blending Shades, conjoin with him for ever.
[Dies, and the Scene closes.]

S C E N E VI.

The Empress's Apartment.

APHENDINA and ELISANA.

A P H E N D I N A.

MY Grief abates each Moment, *Elisana*,
 As I grow nearer to my Joys above :
 This News has rather cheer'd, than sunk my Spirits.
 ——I will not weep : This is my Bridal Day,
 Shall reconduct me to my *Osman's* Arms——
 I may o'ertake him, if I'm expeditious :
 Where is the Draught I gave you ? Bring it me.

E L I.

E L I S A N A.

For Heaven's Sake, my Queen! don't urge me to it:
I have dispos'd of it, cast it away.

A P H E N D I N A.

I know thou hast not; my Commands have ever
Been too minutely kept by *Elisana*.

E L I S A N A.

I beg you, Madam, on my Knees intreat you,
Shew pity to your precious Life; it may
Be all a Forgery, and done to try you.

A P H E N D I N A.

I could have known it true, without Advice;
I feel it in my Heart, 'tis one half weaker
Than 'twas before; I know he's dead by that:
Bring me the Draught, I go to meet my *Osman*!
Deprive me not of that, my last Resort;
I charge you, give it me; bring *Osman's* Cup,
I'll drink it out of that——O noble *Osman*!
My Love, I come: Thou wilt not soar too fast;
Stay but a Moment, *Osman*, I am with you——

[*Takes the Draught and pours it out; knocking at
the Door.*]

Stir not 'till I have drank the Potion down.

E L I-

O S M A N.

E L I S A N A.

O! stay my Princess——

*[Knocking again; while she is gone, Aphendina drinks.*Madam, your Father. *[Enter Ashad.*

A S H A D.

O! *Aphendina*, you have Cause to grieve;
 The horrid Action of this Day, my Child!
 Staggers Belief, disclaims all Precedent:
 But let us not despair, my *Aphendina*;
 True Fortitude consists in nobly suffering.
 Ha! what means this, Child? *[Seeing the Cup.*

A P H E N D I N A.

O! my Father, pardon.

A S H A D.

I fear thou'lt rashly swerv'd from Virtue's Path;
 Art quitting, without Leave, the Post allotted thee
 By Heaven——Think on thy *Osman*, *Aphendina*!
 He persever'd, nor dar'd, with impious Hand,
 Abridge his Life; but gloriously fell,
 O'erborne by Multitude——Be not outdone,
 My Child, in Virtue; live, revenge his Cause.

A P H E N D I N A.

My Father! every Nerve's unstrung.

E L I-

O S M A N.

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E L I S A N A.

Madam, be comforted.

A S H A D.

Despair not, *Aphendina*, *Am'rath's* good;
His Bosom glows with ev'ry Royal Virtue,
Worthy of *Achmet's* Son, and *Osman's* Brother.
——Thy *Osman's* Death will amply be reveng'd.

A P H E N D I N A.

Great *Mahomet*! inspire the glorious Cause——
O! might I live——but Fate forbids the Wish;
Forgive me, Heav'n! if rashly——O! my Father.

[*Fainting, the Musti supports her.*]

A S H A D.

Help, *Elisana*! fly for instant Succour!

A P H E N D I N A.

It is too late—a Damp has chill'd my Heart,
And tells me——that I soon shall meet— my *Osman*.

[*Enter Servant with the Pocket-Book; Aphendina
sees it and shrieks.*]

A S H A D.

My Child! my *Aphendina*! why that Shriek?

A P H E N D I N A.

It was—my *Osman's*——O!—I can—no more. [*Dies.*]

R

A S H A D.

A S H A D.

Art thou then gone, my ever dearest Child!

——Yes, thou art at Repose——Would I were so!——
If this be Death, who would not court their *Exit*.

[Enter Amurath and Attendants.

A M U R A T H.

Most rev'rend *Ashad*! see thy Prince——I come
Not to display the Pomp of sov'reign Majesty,
Dress'd in the Frowns of *Ottoman* Severity;
But to join Complaints for Loss of noble *Osman*,
And sooth the gentle *Aphendina's* Grief.

A S H A D.

Your Goodness, Sir, demands my humblest Thanks:
My Child, my *Aphendina*! is at rest;
Her Cares are all compos'd; a downy Slumber
Has overtaken her Senses, and she's happy.

A M U R A T H.

It joys me much, good *Ashad*; may her Griefs
Soon lose their Poignancy, grow more supportable;
Nor shall my Aid be wanting.

A S H A D.

O! my Prince,
Her Woes have reach'd the Heart of *Aphendina*;

The

The icy Hand of Death has clos'd her Eyes:
Alas! she sleeps, Sir, never more to wake.

A M U R A T H.

What means my *Ashad*?

A S H A D.

Aphendina's gone

To Bliss——to *Osman*——ne'er to part again.

[*Amurath* goes to view her.

A M U R A T H.

O! *Aphendina*——lovely, virtuous Bride!
How are the Roses faded on thy Cheeks!
Yet, thou art lovely e'en in Death; the Smile
Triumphant sitting on thy Brow, denotes
Thou'lt met thy *Osman*——They are happy, *Ashad*.

A S H A D.

They are, my Prince.

A M U R A T H.

I need not teach you, *Musti*,
How to submit to the Decrees of Heaven.

A S H A D.

O! *Aphendina*——

A M U R A T H.

What does thy Emp'ror feel!
——She has not fall'n unpitied by me, *Musti*;

R 2

Osman,

Osman, nor she, like vulgar Dust shall sleep,
Without a Tribute paid to their Remains :
Each miscreant Heart, that but design'd their Fall,
O'er them shall bleed, to purge its foul Disloyalty :
——Hence let us humbly hope, nor dare t' arraign
The Ways of Providence——Tho' by Permission,
The Generous, the Brave, th' Ignoble fall ;
And like Events promiscuous chance to All :
Some happier Scene awaits, some future Heaven,
To counterpoize, and set the Balance even.

The End of the Fifth Act.



C O M-

COMMERCE.

A

POEM.

*Continuo has leges, æternaq; fœdera certis
Imposuit natura locis*

VIRG.

The ARGUMENT.

EXORDIUM *on the PRINCE. Invocation on Commerce. Her Effects. A Fleet fitted out. Bay of Biscay described. Compared with the Irish Sea. Voyage to the Atlantic, to Africa, to the Streights, the German Ocean, to Russia. Encomium on Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy. Ditto on Queen Elizabeth. Effects of Persecution. Reflections on it. Description of the Royal Exchange. Character of the benevolent Merchant. Digression on Liberty and her Effects. Digression on Italy. Consequences of Bigotry and arbitrary Power. Digression on Spain. Effects of false Pride. Digression on France and Louis XIV. Application to Britain. Digression on Holland, and the Effects of Commerce there. Reflection on Britain, and the British Fishery. The Muse's Prayer. Digression on Happiness. Encomium on the Prince and Princess. Application to Prince GEORGE.*



COM.

COMMERCE.*

WHILE You, Great Sir, *Britannia's* rising Hope,
 Great in Benevolence, superior far
 To all the Trophies of the sanguine Field,
 Pursue each Plan, each generous Design,
 To bless Mankind, and Happiness dispense;
 Thus sings the Muse——Not dazzl'd with the Glare
 Of Glory, Pomp, or Acclamation loud;
 The Aim of vulgar Minds——No slavish Bard
 Now makes his Court by Adulation vile,
 Or sings a Language foreign to his Heart:
 Transcendent Merit prompts the willing Muse,
 To blend thy Virtues with commercial Arts;
 Arts which she loves---Arts which she boasts are thine.

Hail, *Commerce*! fruitful hail! exhaustless Source!
 Of all that's great, magnificent, or good;

* This Piece had the Honour of the Approbation of his
 late Royal Highness, and attended with this singular Circum-
 stance, that his Highness died on the Day the Author was to
 have been introduced to him.

Of

Of all that Voyager romantic tells
 Of *India's* Wealth---or Virtuoso dreams
 Of philosophic Stone---oft vainly search'd
 In chymic Process, when the heated Brain
 Of Alchymist boils o'er, and 'fore him rise
 Mountains of Gold---blest visionary Shades!
 O Commerce! thine's the Substance, thine the Art
 To make the Treasure of each World thy own:
 Great Emblem of the Sun! whose genial Rays
 And Pow'rs prolific glad with rip'ning Stores
 Redundant Nature---Thou too deal'st around
 Beneficence complete, and all the World
 Looks gay---Thy Sons with ruddy Vigour glow,
 And Jollity betokens thou art there.

Albion! to *Her* thou ow'st thy present Fame,
 Thy stately Buildings, and thy Villas grand,
 Thy peopled Cities, and thy numerous Towns,
 Which rise promiscuous, pleasing to the Sight,
 Thick as the Shocks of Corn on Field new reap'd;
 To *Her* th' unrivall'd Empire of the Main,
 Whose lordly Waves with glad Submission crouch,
 And lay their Treasures prostrate at thy Feet.

See! the gay Fleet to various Ports consign'd,
 Various their Freight---rich Industry at Helm
 Smiles on the jovial Crew, joyous they hold
 The swelling Canvas to th' impelling Wind,
 Traverse each Pole, and distant Worlds explore;
 Nor *Torrid Zone*, nor *Frigid*, check their Course.

Dauntless

Dauntless they brave the wide *Biscayan* Bay,
 Well known to Mariners for boist'rous Wave,
 And swell of Surges vast—an horrid Vale!
 The liquid Mountains rear their tow'ring Heads,
 And bellow Anarchy in hideous Roar,
 Swoln with Disdain, and proud contemptuous Scorn
 Of Boundary firm set, they foam with Rage,
 And threat the affrighten'd Land with bold Usurp:
 Less fatal yet those Seas, than what confuse
 The rocky Coasts of rough *Hibernia's* Shore;
 Oft seen in vain---oft has the greedy Eye
 Of Mariner devour'd thy Hill, O *Hotb!* *
 Ah! never shall he reach *thy* friendly Shore,
 Ah! never tread *thy* hospitable Land:
 See! every Plank convulsive Tremor feels,
 In cruel Conflict with th' insulting Foe,
 Till bulg'd, alas! there ends the dreadful Strife.

Some the *Atlantic* plough, serener far,
 Tho' oft the loud tongu'd Waves contentious brawl,
 In Uproar wild---Onward they steer their Course,
 To *Afric's* parched Clime, whose sooty Sons,
 Thro' Rage of civil Broils---hard Destiny!
 Forc'd from their native Home to *Western Ind*,
 In Slavery drag the galling Chain of Life:
 Or past the *Streights*, they coast the *Tuscan* Shore

* *Hotb*—a Hill well known at the Entrance of the Bar of *Dublin*.

To sea-born *Venice*, or the proud *Levant*:
 Delicious Range! there variegated Scenes
 Strike the enchanted Mind with new Delight.

— The *German* Ocean cross'd, where *Boreas* rough,
 Bracing the Nerves with Strength, enures to Toil
 The Nations of the *North*; and left the *Sound*,
 O'er *Baltic* Seas, we visit *Russia's* Sons;
 A rude, uncultivated, rugged Race,
 Till smoothen'd by Commerce, rear'd by *Peter's* Hand;
Great Peter! who forsook th' Imperial Throne
 To teach his People Arts unknown before.
 Commerce!—what is't to brave the World in Arms?
 Like as did *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, *Charles*,
 Mighty Destroyers! Ravagers at large!
 Once heav'n-commision'd Scourges of Mankind!
 'Gainst *Thee* in Truth's eternal Balance weigh'd,
 How does the Scale fly up, and kick the Beam!
 How light to *Thee*! who taught the social Arts,
 And made Man tractable and kind to Man:
 All hail! Thou foremost in the Work, great *Czar*!
 Unequall'd Man! who tam'd the savage Mind,
 Chipt off th' incrust'd Diamond's rougher Coat,
 New set its native Lustre full to View;
 Who bad by Commerce *Petersburgh* arise,
 Great Mistress of the *North*, whose brilliant Court
 Rivals in Splendour *Gallia's* proud *Versailles*.

— But whither would the Muse transport me?—far
 O'er endless Tracks of congregated Snow---

Adieu!

Adieu! O! frozen Worlds---our native Clime
 Accords my Sight---What sea-bleach'd Cliffs are those?
 White as the Sheep new shorn---They're *Dover* thine;
 And *Albion*! thence thy Name *---How from the Beach
 Tow'ring they rise majestic---Semblance fit
 Of thy superior Sway, and Height of Rule!
 What do I see!--what those aspiring Domes!
 Hail! fair † *Augusta*, Mistress of the World!
 Thy Fav'rite, Commerce; here has fix'd her Throne,
 Here holds her Reign supreme---long may *She* Reign!
 Triumphantly, as erst when *England's* Queen,
Elizabeth! renown'd for Arts and Arms,
Britannia sway'd---both loving and belov'd---
 A more than Match for thy Armada, *Spain*!
 'Twas *She* receiv'd thee, Commerce, when bid fly
 The *Netherlands* by *D'Alva's* Tyranny,
 When vanquish'd Liberty on haughty *Philip*
 Her Cause reveng'd, and quitting *Belgia's* Shore,
 Brought with her here the welcome Golden Fleece;
 A Mine of Wealth surpassing thine, *Peru*!
 Effect most just of Persecution dire!

Thus may Oppression, Cruelty, and Lust
 Of Pow'r, however couch'd in pious Terms
 Of *Inquisition Holy*!---*Acts of Faith*!
 Thus ever may they thrive---Good God! that e'er

* 'Tis supposed to be called *Albion*, *ab Alpibus*.

† *Augusta*—*London* so called.

Thy Creature rational should steel his Breast
'Gainst Nature's Voice !—thy Image thus invert !

Is there a Crime on Earth, which calls aloud
For Wrath uncommon, and severest Ire ?
Tho' tardy Vengeance dozing seems to sleep,
Sure it is Cruelty (true Fiend of Hell !)
When awful cloath'd in mild Religion's Dress,
Feasting on Blood in horrid Massacre :
Tremble at this, ye Tyrants of the Earth !
Who thus insult your God---monstrous to Thought---
Quick ! let us quit th' unhallow'd gloomy Scene.

Lo ! *Gresham's* noble Structure, Dome august !
Resort of Merchants ! venerable Mart !
Where various Nations of the peopl'd Earth
The Business drive of the commercial Globe :
Here the furr'd *Russian*, and the turban'd *Turk*,
The trowser'd *Dutchman*, and the buskin'd *Swede* ;
The plain, rough *German*, and the *Italian* soft ;
The slow, grave *Spaniard*, and the *Frenchman* gay ;
A World in Miniature ! most pleasing Sight !
Nothing articulate thro' the buzzing Crowd---
Babel of Melody ! harmonibus Discord !
Sweeter than *Airs* by *Handel's* Genius sung.

What glowing Transport fills his raptur'd Breast,
Who can survey this little *World* around,
With friendly Eye, and universal Love ?
Whose open Face the Image of his Heart,

Stranger

Stranger to dark and sinister Designs,
Can smile on all benevolently good,
And in each Man can read his *Brother* there ;
Such is the Merchant, who with gen'rous Views
Nobly anticipates the Want of Thousands,
Extending Commerce but the more to bless :
Great Son of Liberty, rich Queen of Arts !

Fair LIBERTY ! the *Venus* of this Isle !
Where painful Industry, when cheer'd by *Thee*,
Strains ev'ry Nerve, nor deems the Toil severe :
Absent—thy Daughter Commerce soon would droop,
And happiest Lands become a dreary Waste. ✓

O *Italy* ! delightful, beauteous Spot !
Couldst thou but boast her gentle Golden Reign,
How blest were Thou !——
Nature with lavish Hand exuberant,
On thee has pour'd her Sweets, profusely kind !
The *Tiber*, *Liris*, *Arno*, Silver Streams !
Glide gently thro' t' enrich the fertile Glebe ;
Fertile, alas ! in vain, while Papal Pow'r
And slavish Bigotry depress the Mind ;
While lordly Sway, and arbitrary Rule,
Eat up the Labour of the hungry Hind,
Toiling in vain---well may'st thou mourn thy Lands
Uncultivated, and thy Fields forlorn :
In all this Happiness unblest---So *Spain*,
Curst with the Treasures of the *Indian* World,
Supine and slothful, thro' affected Pride,

Boast-

Boasting Gentility, neglected Trade,
And all at length was splendid Poverty.

Such was *Iberia*, when *Cervantes* rose
To ridicule the Foible of his Age:
But *now* the Fetters of false Pride disdain'd,
They rouse to Arts, and Manufactures raise---
Fetters! which long oppress'd thee, *France!* while Lust
Of Monarchy brought low thy *Grand Monarque*---
Richlieu by Politics made thy Name rever'd,
Mighty in Arms, and dreaded thro' the World;
But *Fleury* 'twas, great Minister, and good!
Who sav'd *Thee*, almost sunk by wily Schemes;
By Commerce rais'd *Thee* to an envied Height:
Thy Sons soon caught the Flame, and now their Ships,
Extending wide their Traffick o'er the Deep,
Bid fair to conquer the *European* World.

Britain! the World's in Arms--more dreadful Arms,
Than hostile Sword, or the loud Cannon's Roar;
Pacific Arms! which levell'd at thy Trade,
Thy Basis shake--'tis Time to take th' Alarm,
By Industry superior to arise;
By honest Councils, and true Patriot Zeal,
To cherish Commerce, and extend her Sway.

Commerce! most sov'reign Pow'r! *Batavia* tell
How *She* of old retri'd thy State distress;
Strong, incontest'd Proof that *She* can raise
The lowest States 'bove Kingdoms of the Earth:
Well is it known how thy Petition ran,

Ad-

Address'd to great *Eliza*, *Albion's* Queen ;
Eliza heard——

Britons! still view Her with a friendly Eye,
 But dread supplanting by her artful Hand :
 Remember oft your Mother's drooping Years
 Demand no less your pious Care--she mourns
 Her Northern Coasts, environ'd all around
 When alien * *Busses*, and a spurious Brood :
 What Means this Indolence? this Lethargy?
 Thus to neglect the Treasure of the Seas——

If aught avails the Muse's humble Pray'r,
 Greatly solicitous for her Country's Good---
 Hear me, propitious Heav'n! *Britannia* guard,
 Direct her Councils, and extend her Trade ;
 Save her alike from ministerial Pow'r,
 And Patriotism false---give to her Nobles
 Zeal to assert her Rights---her Sons inspire
 With Love of Industry and nervous Toil ;
 Assist her fav'rite Infant at its Birth,
 The *British Fishery*---oh ! rear it up
 With Hand benign, bring it to Growth mature,
 So in return shall Thousands bless thy Name.

Lo ! *Britain's* Genius rising to her Aid,
 FREDERICK vouchsafes to lead the glorious † Van
 Of brave Advent'ers in the grand Attempt :

* *Busses*—Vessels used in the Herring Fishery:

† Elected Governor of the *British Fishery*.

Patron of Arts! You ever foremost stand,
 In each Design to benefit Mankind;
 Teach us, great Prince! to prize commercial Arts,
 Teach us Benevolence, so shall we be blest,
 So learn wherein true Happiness consists.
 For what is *Happiness*? 'tis not to wear
 The ermin'd Robe, the Mitre, or the Crown;
 All these have many wore, alas! how wretched!
 It is Benevolence---Offspring of Heav'n!
 With this compar'd all Qualities are Dross,
 Mere tinkling Cymbols, and an empty Sound.

It is the Quality, *illustrious Sir!*
 The Character you so eminently fill:
 How shall I paint the Condescension great?
 When Princely Dignity vouchsaf'd to stoop
 The callous Palm of Artisan to greet;
 When thro' your * Western Tour, with lib'ral Hand,
 In Pleasure's Cup, Humanity You mixt,
 And serv'd it round---All was tumultuous Joy!
 When blest † *Corinium* hail'd You as You pass.

London! how great thy Triumph! truly great,
 (More than when *Charles* his pompous Entry made,
 By *Monk* attended thro' the crowded Streets--)
 When on that gladsome Morn thy Fautor FREDERICK

* Alluding to the Prince's Journey in the Summer 1750.

† *Corinium*—*Cirencester* in Gloucestershire.

Late deign'd to visit thy * remotest Parts;
To raise the poor Mechanic's drooping Heart
By free Access---and Princely Converse mixt
With friendly Talk of *Looms* and *Warps* and *Woofs*,
Arts worthy of a Prince, the *Friend of Trade*!
Nor less, AUGUSTA, did thy Presence charm !

Hail ! gen'rous FREDERICK and AUGUSTA mild !
In whom the social Virtues all unite,
To deal out Blessings to the human Race ;
Long may ye live t'instruct your eldest Hope,
To add new Glories to the *Brunswick* Line.

* Alluding to the Prince and Princess going to *Spitalfields*.

T

DIS-

DISTRESS.

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N Earl of *Radnor*.

*Per varios casus per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus*—————

VIRG.

THIS Essay was wrote soon after the late Earthquake happened, as alluded to, Page 2. It has gone through several Editions. The Author imputes no Merit to the Performance as a Poem ; perhaps its being wrote ad Hominem, is its greatest ; few or none being so happy, as to be totally exempt from the Evils of Life ; the Design of the Author being to recommend to the Great, Beneficence—and to the Unhappy, the bearing the Ills of Life with Decency.



DIS-

DISTRESS.

WHERE *Thames* profuse, and lavish of his Charms,
 In winding Progress, softly glides along;
 So softly glides, he lingering seems to stay,
 Full fond his favourite *Twickenham* to embrace;
 Beneath the Shade, imbower'd as I lay,
 The awful Gloom inspir'd the solemn Song,
 DISTRESS the Theme, and RADNOR deigns to hear.

Aid me, *Melpomene*! thou pensive Maid,
 But not of plunder'd Provinces to sing;
 Nor the dread Horrors of the imbattled Plain,
 When fierce *Bellona* pours her Thunders round,
 And all is Ruin——Desolation all——
 Nor the tremendous Horrors of Distress,
 That roar in Tempest, and Confusion dire,
 Extending wide o'er all the troubled Deep;
 Nor that Distress so late conspicuous seen,
 In the pale Face of those who greatly fear'd
 The Earth's Concussion, nor would trust their God;
 But

But vainly thought the Purpose of his Will,
 * T'evade by dastard Flight--- ah! how in vain
 Omnipotence to fly?---not these the Cause;
 It is domestic Woe that now compells,
 The sympathetic Muse to paint the Ravage
 Private Distress makes on the Sons of Men;
 That fell Distress which robb'd me of my Friend,
 The gay, the good, benevolent ALPHONSO,
 Who from the splendent Height of Affluence fell,
 To Penury's drear Abyss---stupendious Shock!
 Dread Separation!---so th' afflicted Soul,
 Struggling to quit the cumberous Load of Flesh,
 Would wing its Passage to the Realms of Light.

The well-fill'd Table now no more attracts
 The jocund Eye, nor smiling Plenty now
 O'er the rich Feast presides; but meagre Want,
 With harpy Talon, drives her from the Board:
 Nor does the joyous Bowl now sparkling glow,
 Flush'd with rich Juice of Grape nectareous,
 But pale, depriv'd of all the rosy Hue,
 Its Loss beavails in Tears of limpid Streams;
 Nor Song, nor Dance, nor Music's soothing Voice,
 Is heard---alas! They fly the windflaw'd Roof,
 And leave poor Melancholy here alone;
 For here she dwells, here counts the snailpac'd Hours,

* Alluding to the late Earthquake, when many retired
 from the City.

Whose

Whose drauling Course protract a wearied Life;
With Head reclin'd upon her shrivell'd Hand,
But ill supported by her beating Knee,
She sits biting her Nails---her beamless Eye
Sans Motion fixt, or on the Ground, or Wall,
Or lonely Hearth---where her sick Fancy broods,
O'er Fears immense, and sees all Hell arise.

These Ills preponderate, and o'erpoise the Man,
Yet rich Content would bring the Balance ev'n.

But then to lose the Quintessence of Life,
Shut out from Commerce of the social Kind,
Where sprightly Wit, and Elegance of Manners,
Raise high the Fancy, and refine the Soul;
(For sure he's more than Man, or somewhat less,
Who takes no Pleasure in Society)
Or driven to Solitude, or forc'd to bear
The noisy Jargon of Plebeian Tongues,
Converse indelicate! avert it Heav'n!

Ah! who can tell the agonizing Pain,
Which pierceth to the Heart when in our Walk
Fortuitous, we meet a former Friend;
Conscious of Poverty, the down-cast Eye
Would fain the Meeting shun; ---- but not so oft
As insolent Contempt avoids our Path,
Fleering with Eye askance---ah! dire Reverse;
It was not thus, when happier Fortunes smil'd,
And circling Friends re-eccho'd our Applause;
When the glad Welcome hail'd the obsequious Guest,
And the full Goblet crown'd the genial Day. Oh!

Oh! 'tis a Task requires his utmost Art,
 To stem the Torrent of Adversity;
 To work the Vessel thro' a Sea of Woes,
 And bravely head her against proud Disdain.

This must be done---nay more---he must submit
 His every Action to be canvass'd o'er,
 The Ridicule of every low Buffoon:
 What tho' his Eloquence should far exceed
 The *Ciceronian* Stile, should Judgment sound,
 Persuasion clear on every Accent hang,
 Yet he's not heard, but pass'd unheeded by,
 And every Fool can comment on his Words:
 What boots it him? that kindly Nature gave,
 What Science has improv'd, a Soul full-fraught
 With noblest Purposes, and grand Designs;
 Yet is he still depress'd---his Views confin'd,
 Each rising Act by Disappointment cramp'd;
 While keen Reflection preys upon the Sense,
 Yet laudable Ambition prompts him on;
 But ah! in vain his tow'ring Thoughts repuls'd,
 A thousand Schemes distract his tortur'd Brain,
 A thousand Passions agitate the Soul,
 And all the Man is Chaos and Misrule.

See! black Despondence, with her gloomy Train
 Of grisly Horrors hovers o'er the Soul,
 Distraction, Frenzy, seizing the sick Heart,
 Consign her over to the Fiend Despair,
 Which often ends in Dereliction dire,

And

And sad Distrust of Providential Care;
Prompting to Suicide---inevitable!
Had not thy Goodness, O! all-wise Creator!
Hedg'd in our Being, and so fenc'd it round,
With Love of Life, Self-Preservation strong,
We dare not leap the Boundaries prescrib'd;
Else would weak Man, oppress'd by Woes, rush out
Of Life more oft; for who can tell the Pangs
Of bashful Merit struggling with Distress;
Whose Education generous as his Mind,
Can't brook Servility, or stoop to ask
Mean Pittance from the Hand of Charity:
Not so the Beggar, who without a Blush,
With clamorous Bawl can roar his Wants aloud,
Which not reliev'd he tauntingly returns,
In muttering Curses on the unbounteous Hand;
These, happy in the sordid Dregs of Life,
But little know what real Anguish means.

Ye lordly Worldlings, who now rowl at Ease
To City Feast, or Midnight Masquerade,
How dare ye let the Worthy be depress'd,
And thus confess the Impudence of Wealth?
Cannot ye read this Picture of Distress?
Must it be heighten'd; Must the Look confus'd
And the Grief clouded Eye still speak in vain?
Not so---the truly Great---who glad improve
Each Hint, each Intimation, that their Breast,
Or social Talk suggests both to prevent,

U

And

And to assist Distress——to whom kind Heaven
 Hath given the Will, largely to dispense,
 As largely they possess, whose Eye extends
 Even beyond the Circle of Acquaintance,
 Joy'd to find Merit in its lone Retreat,
 To deal Benevolence diffusive round,
 Unbounded——Imitators of their God!
 How great to grapple with Adversity,
 To wrest the Sceptre from her Iron Hand,
 And dash in Pieces her imbitter'd Cup!
 Thou Hydra-headed Monster! arduous Task!
 More than *Herculean* Labour it requires
 To cope with such a Foe; —— how few enjoy
 Fit Prowess to engage in equal Fight!
 But he whose stubborn Virtue baffles her,
 Without the Aid of mean, or servile Arts;
 Nor has Recourse to Violence, or Fraud;
 And scorns to seek Relief fallacious,
 From the intoxicating purple Draught,
 A far more glorious Victory has gain'd,
 Than *Philip's* Son or *Cæsar* e'er could boast.

BUT gainst this Foe what Arms shall we take up?
 Shall we in close Attrenchment wait the Assaults?
 Or greatly dare her to the open Field?
 Shall we with *Horace* ridicule her Power,
 Deride her Force, and laugh her into Shame?
 Well might he laugh, when great *Augustus* smil'd,
 And the World's Master own'd him for his Friend:

Warm

Warm in the Beams of the *Augustan* Court,
Th' icy Pangs of Poverty ne'er reach'd him ;
It was *Mæcenas* generous and benign,
Who animated all, and gave new Life,
Else had his Wit in languid Numbers flow'd,
And his unmeaning Satire known no Sting.

Shall we with *Seneca*, in formal, grave,
Collected Maxims of the pedant Schools,
Summon our boasted Reason to our Aid,
And open War declare? but let us scorn
To take the least Advantage of the Foe——
No——when she presseth sore, with heaviest Woes,
Let us engage her then on equal Terms ;
Not when we are immers'd in Wealth immense,
Sufficient Price for mighty Provinces.

Away, ye Babblers of the Stoic Race,
Wise, solemn Fools ! Nature is Nature still,
Whate'er your vaunted Apathy and Pride,
Rank Pride and Vanity of Heart, would boast,
Oft prov'd too weak——recoils upon itself,
And gives our Nature the opprobrious Lie.

Great *Julius* tasted oft desponding Fear,
And wavering doubted ev'n to trust his Gods ;
Brutus, in whom the Elements were mix'd
So nice, that to be great and good were one,
Could not survive *Philippi's* fatal Shock ;
Ev'n *Cato's* rigid Virtue bow'd——a Proof
That mere Philosophy's no equal Match :

Pardon, great Shades! your Virtues I revere,
But ye were Men, and Men cannot but feel.

Oh! let not those, whose Cup's but lightly dash'd—
Who never yet drank deep of dire Distress;
Define the Bitter of the nauseous Draught—
Let not the Hale, who never felt Disease,
Mock at the Sick—too happy far, Health blest,
To judge aright, and draw Conclusions just.

Necessity, like Death, who levels all,
Would share the Empire with our mortal Foe,
Adding new Conquests to his grim Colleague;
Still gaily glutting his voracious Maw,
Too oft the Greatest and the Best his Prey:
Sad Truth! enough to terrify the Soul,
And make her curse the Privilege of Thought.

No more——Adieu! ye solitary Shades,
Engendering Phantoms buzzing all around,
Thick as a Cloud of Gnats on Summer Eve;
Let sprightlier Scenes divert the gloomy Thought,
And brighten Fancy with the gay Delight:

Hail! RADNOR's ever-grateful *still* Retreat,
Where Art and Nature mutually combine,
(Filling the Mind with pleasing Resveries)
To banish Grief, and anxious Care beguile:
Whilst Poetry's gay Sister here enrob'd,
With various Colours of the rosy Morn,
In Draughts diversify'd, suspends the Mind,
Sweetly perplex'd in Approbation——See!

The

The embattled Heroes live along the Wall,
Wake the Attention, and provoke the Soul
To Deeds of hardy Valour, worthy Fame;
There the droll Piece in grotesque Figure, plays
Upon the Sense, excites the smerking Laugh,
While moodie Melancholy steals away;
Here the cool Grott, and there the cooler Stream,
Whose gentle Current flows clear, deep, serene,
Emblem of RADNOR's philosophic Mind—

Enough, my Muse, nor too adventurous soar—
RADNOR! tis thine to please, or to instruct,
To form the Manners, or to mend the Heart.

T H E

CHI

0-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10

T H E
M I R R O R,

For the Year M.DCC.LV.

T O
DAVID GARRICK, *Esq;*

Ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res. HOR.

THE Author begs Leave to premise, that in this Essay he has retained some few of the old Words of *Spenser*, and adopted the Simplicity of the Diction in the ludicrous Cast, at the End of most of the Stanzas, to give it somewhat the exterior Air of that great Original, however far short he may have fell of the Spirit.

In order to make it more intelligible, at the Foot of each Page, is given an Explanation of the obsolete Words, as they occur.—As to the modern Terms of the Ladies Dress, &c. (which perhaps may be thought by some, to require as much Explanation as the obsolete Ones) he presumes as they are pretty well known among the Ladies and Beau Monde, he may be excused a Discussion.—Upon the whole, he hopes that the novel Manner of thus treating these Subjects, will in some Measure atone for its many Imperfections.



THE

T H E

M I R R O R.

I.

* **D**AN *Solomon*, the chief of mortal † Wights,
 Affirms, that all Vexation is and Pain;
 That Empire, Glory, Wealth, Love's soft Delights,
 Are but as Shadows flitting o'er the Plain:
 Vanity of Vanities; all is vain.
 And, ‡ certes, he is right; without his Meed,
 How vain am I, t' attempt, in this poor Strain,
 To tell you al, that Death does Life succeed,
 § *Perdie*, you jeering say, this is great News indeed.

* *Dan*, a Term often prefixed by old Writers.

† *Wights*, Men. ‡ *Certes*, certainly.

§ *Perdie*, an old Affirmation.

X

II.

II.

Well, I must on—and you may laugh the while,
 Nay take your Fill, for there is Reason great;
 You may not long to laugh, to droll, to smile,
 To troll the Tongue, to vapour, gybe, and prate;
 For soon you too must bow t' impartial Fate:
 Ha! who is he that traverses yon Plains,
 In burnish'd Armour clad, and gorgeous State?
 Scarcely his Hand his foaming Palfrey reins,
 Who proudly paws the Ground, and dauntless, Fear disdains.

III.

A Man of Arms, I think his Coat of Mail,
 And all commanding Look denote the same;
 How wide he gapes! expands his Chest t' inhale!
 Large Draughts of airy Beings known by Name
 Of Glory, Honour, and romantic Fame:
 What means that direful Din, that glitt'ring * Glaive,
 Alas! he bleeds, he falls—no more the same——
 His lower'd Crest can now but ask a Grave;
 Alack! the Bubble's broke---'tis all poor Fame can have.

IV.

But here a goodlier Sight my Fancy greets,
 Of joyous noisy Wights---a † losel Race!——
 Of apron'd Gentry crouding thro' the Streets;
 § Ne Hat, ne Wig have they; with lengthen'd Face

* *Glaive*, Sword. † *Losel*, idle, loose. § *Ne*, nor.
 They

They gape, they stare, and thro' the Dirt they trace.
The Oar-lash'd *Thames* indignant seems to bear
Gilt Barges, Boats, with Musie's droll Grimace ;
Gay Streamers waving thro' the foggy Air,
While pigmy Cannon bawl, here cometh My Lord-Mayor.

V.

He comes ! he comes ! I hear the Rabble Peals :
Huzza ; Sir——in a Coach all Gold ;
See ! how the Mob cling round, and clog its Wheels,
Nosing the Magistrate, petulantly bold ;
At this, my Friends, can ye from Laughter hold ?
Bluff, purfy Aldermen, in furred Gown,
With Cits and Dames full more than can be told,
In the Procession roll with half the Town,
Eke Judges, Serjeants, Knights, all Wights of high Renown.

VI.

Well, on they pass, and reach the * cumbrous House :
They feast, they dance, and all is splendid Glee ;
They cram down Fevers, and, in full Carouse,
They swill up Gouts and Rheums, and Hydropsy :
In sooth, why not ?---the Toast is Liberty——
And while they quaff, and carol *London's* Fame,
The recent Lord vaunts none so great as he ;
But Death he lounged there in quest of Game,
And dar'd, with saucy Front, dispute his Lordship's Claim.

* *Mansion-House.*

VII.

He next attack'd an auncient Knight well known,
 * Y'clep'd Sir *Thrifty Gripe*, of † mochel Wealth;
 With *Cent per Cent* he prey'd on half the Town;
 A *Spittle* Governour, who heap'd up Pelf,
 A ‡ Caitiff vile, who e'en would rob himself.
 "What, ho! Sir *Thrift!* a Word, Sir, in your Ear."
 The Knight him spy'd—but, like a cunning Elf,
 Soon shuffl'd off.—"Ho!" louder then, and near—
 "Your Pardon, good Sir Death! I'm wondrous hard to hear."

VIII.

"I'm sorry for't, Sir Knight!—a Word or twain;
 "God shield me Sir! I have not Time to talk;
 "Besides, my Breath's so short---hem—O the Pain!"
 "Come then, Sir Knight, we'll take a little Walk;"
 At this he crouch'd as Bird before a Hawk.
 "Walk, Sir! I walk! I scarce can crawl my Way"
 "You, Muckworm prate! dare you my Fancy baulk!"
 The Knight full loth to go, here 'gan the Fray,
 Death seiz'd him by the Nape, and huddl'd him away.

IX.

At his Return Sir *Epicure* he ken'd,
 Of mighty Paunch, Moon-Face, and brawny Jole;
 For Elbow Room he chose the Table's End—
 His Napkin tuck'd—around his Eyes did roll;

* Y'clep'd, named. † Mochel, much. ‡ Caitiff, a poor mean Wretch.

He spar'd not in his Rage—ne Fish—ne Fowl—
 He puff'd, he blow'd, he swill'd---lethargic grew---
 No Parle, quo' Death, with this same *Corm'rant* foul,
 So set on him his Apoplexy Crew,
 Who knock'd him down at once * withouten more ado.

X.

A beauteous Dame, with tott'ring Step, and slow,
 (Alack! the little Heels won't let her haste)
 Her Neck and Shoulders bare, and white as Snow,
 Came giggling on, (the Taste polite) her Waist,
 If so might be, with spangled Taffels grac'd;
 Her Sattin Negligée was flounc'd and crimpt,
 With many a Yard of Blond her Gauze was lac'd,
 Her Apron, Stomacher, and all was pink'd,
 And the twin Ruffles round were † sheen with Silver Gimp.

XI.

To plait, to twist, to sleek the auburn Hair,
 Much Time and Pains, methinks, she had bestow'd;
 Ne pond'rous Hat this Lady deign'd to wear,
 Altho' full pleas'd with purchas'd Locks she ‡ yode,
 § A Feltlock Twist behind, much heavier Load:

* *Withouten*, without; frequent in *Spencer*, to lengthen his Words with y and en, as y'clep'd, y'clad, withouten, &c.

† *Sheen*, shining, bright. ‡ *Yode*, went. § *Feltlock*, alluding to the *Plica Polonica*.

She

She leer'd with Scorn, and turn'd her Eyes askew,
 On Petiti-laires, Pompons; then inward glow'd
 With Pride indignant at the fripp'ry Crew;
 While all around, in Groupes, the Beaux obsequious drew.

XII.

She whisper'd, glanc'd, protested, titter'd, vow'd;
 She gam'd, she ogl'd, lisp'd---“the Creature! Thing!
 “* Very!” emphatic Word! then, laugh'd aloud—
 And buoyant borne on Vanity's broad Wing,
 Presumed herself fit Match for any King;
 Quo' Death, “if so why then, moe fit for me—
 “For I am such, no less—of Terrors King!
 “So Wights me call.”---With that he seiz'd his Prey,
 And with fell livid Spots he scarr'd her beauteous Clay.

XIII.

Among the Crowd that rounded this fair Dame,
 A Wight there was, if Wight he be call'd,
 Of Aspect pale, small Shank, and † lithe his Fame;
 At Beauty's Frown his Heart was ne'er ‡ appall'd;
 His own dear self this mimick Wight enthrall'd.

* *Very!* a Word much in Vogue a little while ago among the Beau Monde, who have of late, greatly improv'd our Language with the above, and many other Words equally as important.

† *Lithe*, Slender.

‡ *Appall'd*, dismay'd, or strongly affected.

A short cut Coat adorn'd this pretty Thing,
A friz'd Peruke conceal'd what else was bald ;
His Hand so white display'd the Cluster Ring,
Which ever and anon t' 'is Nose did *Straßbourg* bring.

XIV.

This perfum'd Beau a tiny Beaver wore,
With Silver Cord engirt ; on either Side,
Hung dangling Tassels down of Tinsel Ore ;
A Sword he trail'd which with the *Spaniard* vy'd,
In Length, I mean, for he had ne'er it try'd :
He hum'd, he loll'd, minc'd Oaths, solfa'd and danc'd ;
To shew his whiten'd Teeth he laughed wide ;
He tattl'd, prattl'd, the Discourse enhanc'd,
Squeez'd Miss's lovely Hand, and vow'd he was entranc'd.

XV.

Death envious lour'd : Quo' he, " This prating Fool
" Will ne'er give o'er, his Tattle never cease ;
" I e'en will stop his Mouth, a fribbling Tool !
" Who does such * Noyance give to others Peace."
A Kerchief white then from his Neck did † lease,
Which gave the Beau a Cold, when, sans reponse,
He shrug'd, his Throat grew sore, could hardly wheeze,
" I'll end" quo' Death, " this self-sufficient Dunce ;"
So ram'd a Quinsy down, which throttl'd him at once.

* *Noyance*, Disturbance, Harm.

† *Lease*, steal.

XVI.

XVI.

With stiffen'd Gait and supercilious Look,
 A rev'rend Clerk here deign'd awhile to stray;
 At wanton Dames his Head he often shook,
 And fain would turn his Eyes another Way:
 But Priests, they are but Men, perhaps you'll say:
 I'll grant you more; that many Clerks abound
 With solid Worth; but this same Clerk would pray,
 And be not what he seem'd; but all around
 Would spread Invectives broad wherever they were found.

XVII.

With ready Hand would greet the wealthy Cit,
 And bow obsequious to the money'd Dame;
 But strange would eye the Poor—at Man of Wit,
 Perdie, would look askint; and lordly aim
 At Board Preheminence where'er he came;
 An Haunch of Venison he would never miss,
 For ghostly Wights meet Food he held the same;
 But more than Tythe of Fat, he'd take, I § wis;
 Here double Dues at least he deem'd as Parson, his.

XVIII.

At Pray'r indeed this Clerk was grave, profound,
 And when in Rostrum he was aptly rear'd,
 Looking Benevolence on all around,
 With upturn'd Eyes a pious Wight appear'd,

§ *Wis*, understand.

And

And Doctrines preach'd he ne believ'd, ne fear'd ;
But crouch'd beneath this seeming Sanctity,
And pious Guise, Death found him out, and leer'd ;
“ O ho ! ” quo' he “ ---a Cheat !---a Cheat !---I spy
“ Pride lurking here and Sloth ”---so off with him did hie.

XIX.

Above the rest Sir *Politick* the wise,
In plain Attire y'clad, reclin'd at Ease,
There putting on the Courtier's sleek Disguise,
He large harangu'd of Trade, of War, of Peace ;
Was all to all---his Study how to please ;
Each hung attentive on whate'er he spoke,
And bow'd observant when his Tongue did cease ;
Each Deference paid where'er he deign'd a Look,
And loud Acclaims ensu'd whene'er he dropt a Joke.

XX.

Yet this same Wight, with circumspective Eye,
Would note the Cits, their ev'ry Action scan,
And as he trac'd, he plainly could descry,
In most, that Interest was their darling Plan,
So dealt his Promise, as he found his Man :
Oft at his Levee he would greet his Grace,
“ My Lord ! you'r sensible---I'll do all I can ”---
Would meet the Prelate with a smiling Face,
But when his Back was turn'd, would laugh at the Grimace.

XXI.

The Height of Power gain'd, with Affluence blest,
 He plan'd new Gardens, and new Villas rais'd ;
 Said to his Soul, securely thou may'st rest ;
 At this presumptuous Wight Death sometime gaz'd ;
 Quo' he, " I'll strike " but when his Dart uprais'd,
 The Knight espy'd—" O spare a little, pray—
 But Death malign his vital Pow'rs amaz'd—
 Mutt'ring, " Fond Fool ! sure, thou hast nought to say ;
 " For e'en a PELHAM fell my Victim t' other Day."

XXII.

Exulting thus he cast his Eyes around,
 And spy'd a Wight, smart, debonnaire and gay ;
 (Ah ! when again shall such a Wight be found ?)
 Nature had form'd him of her richest Clay ;
 (Alack ! now mark'd to be his destin'd Prey :)
 His Look expressive, piercing were his * Eyne,
 His Voice as sweet as *Philomela's* Lay ;
Athens nor *Rome* could ever boast, I † ween,
 One who the Buskin wore, or Sock with Fame so sheen.

XXIII.

This more than *Roscius* of the present Age,
 Nature his Guide, great *Shakespeare* his Delight,
 Struck out new Beauties, rais'd the drooping Stage,
 His ev'ry Attitude surpriz'd the Sight,

* *Eyne*, Eyes.

† *Ween*, think.

Nay,

Nay, e'en the Eyes could speak of this same Wight ;
In *Richard's* varied Scenes he all outvied ;
Hamlet he felt, reach'd *Lear's* frantic Height ;
In *Bayes* and *Archer* was the comic Pride,
And with a *Romeo's* Woe alternate liv'd and dy'd.

XXIV.

Death long had bore this Wight a Grudge---t' excell
In mimic dying he in Dudgeon took ;
Quo' he, " this *Proteus* counterfeits so well,
" That Men will scoff at me "——he glanc'd a Look,
Which ev'ry Vital of our Hero shook ;
Him he superior own'd, alledg'd his Age ;
But Death, relentless, would no Parley brook ,
" Dar'ft ape me, Varlet !" he reply'd in Rage,
" I'll realize thy Mocks ;" so swept him off the Stage.

XXV.

A Son of *Æsculapius*, 'mong the † Fry,
In Pulse well skill'd, in Learning most profound,
With fable Suit, full trim'd, and bushy Tye,
Quaint, stiff, and gravely dealt his Bows around ;
When all at once was heard an hideous Sound,
Thro' the whole Place the Bustle was so rife,
That the high vaulted Roofs re-eccho'd round ;
In veh'ment Heat, perdie, was good Sir Death,
He tugg'd---the Doctor rail'd, 'till both were out of Breath.

† Fry, a Concourse of People.

XXVI.

“ Ufurper of my Trade !” Death stern reply’d,
 And look’d so grim, the Doctor ’gan to fear ;
 In Tone submits, “ Requite me thus ?” he cry’d,
 “ Who’ve serv’d you long----” but he with scornful
 Sneer,
 “ Do you remonstrate, Sir ? I’ll quell your Pride ;”
 Then grasp’d again---“ Keep off your scarecrow Paws,
 “ Thou foul Ingrate ! thus use a Friend oft try’d !”
 Death waxed wroth, and spite of Friendship’s Laws,
 Or Roar of foul Ingrate, he rivetted his Jaws.

XXVII.

A roaring Blade among the Throng was seen,
 In Jockey Cap and Scratch Peruke * adorn,
 His Name *Robustus*, of a goodly Mien ;
 A smart Half-Hunter tipt with Foot of Fawn,
 He often smack’d, as scouring o’er the Lawn ;
 A *Buck*, *Choice Spirit* ; who would oft at Dawn,
 In Half-pint Bumpers, hail the rising Morn ;
 An *honest Fellow*, who would make no Scorn,
 To dubb his dearest Friend a Brother of the Horn.

XXVIII.

A *Blood*, who bully’d ’mong the Nymphs Purlieus,
 Who often beat the *Covent-Garden* Rounds ;
 At P——’s, H——’s, G——’s, and D——’s Stews ;
 He swore, talk’d Bawdy, prais’d his Horses, Hounds ;

* *Adorn*, drest.

That

That this is Wit and Taste, attest it Clowns!
Not so the *Bloods* of boon King *Charles's* Days;
They rak'd polite, Good-Manners were their Bounds;
Wit, Humour, Elegance the Flame did raise,
And Decency kept in the oft expiring Blaze.

XXIX.

But these in Gallantry——Noviciates all!
Raw and uncouth, like the vain drest-up Rout;
Those would seem Gentlemen! who strut the Mall,
In Waistcoats lac'd on *Sundays* tröll about,
Leaving their Minds undrest, all Show without——
Who sneak before their Betters, vail their Pride,
And aukward bow like any Country Lout,
In white Gloves § pranckt, strutting his Fingers wide;
You'd swear he had the Itch, if nothing else beside.

XXX.

Death spy'd *Robustus* 'mid this full Resort,
And couldn't but smile to hear him boast aloud,
How much he'd drank, how oft in *Venus'* Court,
His nervous Strength and Vigor he'd avow'd;
Surveying then his Limbs, thus sneer'd the Croud,
“When, when? with these will any of you vie?”
Quo' Death——“Ingrateful Wretch! vile Reptile proud
“Not thank the *Donor*! I'll thy Prowess try——
“*Fever!* dispatch'd him quick——O ho! there Boaster lie.”

§ *Pranckt*, set off.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Prudella! luckless Maid, was there that Day,
 Who piqu'd herself upon her Virgin Pride,
 And spurn'd the Men---she seem'd so sprightly, gay,
 You'd swear Ill-Nature could not there reside;
 Vain Affectation all! and mere Outside!
 To Modesty she made severe Pretence;
 Under that Mask her Wantonness would hide;
 Too thin Disguise! for oft the grosser Sense
 Would reassume the Reins, drive o'er the weaker Fence.

XXXII.

Matins and Vespers she would never miss,
 A Devotee all o'er! a *Christian* good,
 Who lov'd her Church, but tenfold more, I wis,
 She lov'd foul Scandal and Invective † leud---
 Her Tongue more deadly than the Viper Brood:
 Insipid Chat and Stories, wrong or right,
 Of this, or t' other being stol'n, or woo'd,
 Fill'd up her Time---but O! the high Delight,
 She felt from black Malevolence and Spight.

XXXIII.

Looking demure, Death took her for a Saint,
 But on a nearer View, he knew her well;
 "O ho!" cry'd he "fair Sepulchre of Paint!"
 "Come ‡ lig with me To-Night---my pretty Belle,

† *Leud*, in the old Meaning of the Word, *scandalous, defamatory*.

‡ *Lig*, lie.

"Nay

" Nay do not start, my Dear ! I'll use you well"—
 She turned from him with disdainful Leer,
 " None of your *Airs* to me, my sweet Prudelle !
 " On Mortals they may pass——pray stay you here,
 " And if thou'st aught to offer, I will deign to hear."

XXXIV.

" Why good, Sir Death ! Why sure you'd not be rude,
 " And offer Violence to an helpless Maid ?
 " What is there in me that you take for leud ?
 " Have I not kept my Church § ? Devoutly pray'd ?"
 Death stopt her short--" 'tis nought--mere vain Parade ;
 " Thy venom'd Tongue fell Instrument of Spite !
 " Hath caus'd such * Bale, such Desolation made
 " That were I but to leave thee here this Night,
 " Thou'd'st set the Globe on Fire, then chuckle at the Sight."

XXXV.

A certain Wight you well might there espy,
 With busy Face fast bustling thro' the Croud,
 It chanc'd, he jostl'd Death in passing by,
 Who sudden turn'd, and menac'd him aloud,
 But when he ken'd him, caught his Hand and bow'd,
 " O ! my old Friend !" he cry'd, " my Foster Brother !
 " To meet thee here, how pleas'd am I and proud !
 " Thou precious † Imp ! thou art so like our ‡ Mother
 " How cou'd I then mistake, or take thee for another."

§ A trite Phrase, especially among Female Devotionists.

* Bale, Sorrow. † Imp, Offspring, Child, from the
 Saxon Word *Impan*, to graft. ‡ Mother, hinted from Milton,
 Lib. II. Par. Lost.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

" Mishapen Fiend! avant! away thy Paw,
 " Thou Kindred claim! thou Friendship boast with me!
 " One learn'd as I and studious of the Law,
 " Disowns all Ties without the previous Fee;
 " I nought can hope from meagre Forms like thee."
 This anger'd Death; quo' he, " I'll make thee know
 " That this cold Hand can spoil thy haughty Glee,"
 With that he struck a paralytic Blow,
 " Hence better learn good Sir! to know a Friend from Foe:"

XXXVII.

" O! hold, Sir Death! your Pardon, Sir I crave,
 " May it please your * Lairdship to admit my Plea--"
 " Cease, cease, thy Prate, vain Rhetorician Slave,
 " Thy Eloquence at Bar may do, perdie,
 " But will not here; thy Quirks are lost on me---"
 " Indeed, my Laird! I did but jest, but Joke;"
 " Dar'st thou still lie? incorrigible be?
 " Hear parry if thou can'st this lairdly Stroke;
 " O! my dear Sir, don't winch——I meant it but in Joke.

XXXVIII.

Then looking round him with sarcastic Grin,
 He spy'd an auncient Knight bedizen'd fine,
 Hot in pursuit of the enchanting Sin;
 For each young Nymph this feeble Wight did pine.

* An Affectation of a noted Council.

Ah!

Ah! how unmeet for hoary ninety-nine;
 Close cuddling by a blooming Virgin's Side,
 Oft round her Waist his shrivell'd Arms he'd twine,
 Her snowy Chest full liquorishly he ey'd,
 And could, or dream'd he could, do wond'rous Things beside.

XXXIX.

"Beshrew thy Heart! thou fumbling Fool!" quo
 Death,
 "Those unstrung Nerves might warn thee to forbear;
 "How durst thou with that foul infectious Breath,
 "Deal Love's soft Passion in a Virgin's Ear?"
 But he intent, these Threat'nings did not hear;
 When lo! with sudden Twist he jerk'd him round,
 And down he dropt, as would a mellow Pear,
 Strait with his Paw, he pash'd him to the Ground,
 As one would pash a Grub, which doth with Filth abound.

XL.

Death paus'd——"I'll e'en one Cast, before I go,
 "Among the smaller Fry, they're full of Glee;
 "See! how they carol, frisk it, to and fro,
 "In wanton Dalliance, and ne'er think of me."
 A Net he had of wond'rous Potency;
 Old Time had spun the Thread so very fine,
 It was invifible to mortal Eye;
 The fatal Sisters wove so strong the Twine,
 That none could ever break, or once o'erleap the Line.

Z

XLI.

XLI.

With Force elastic strait the Net he threw
 From off his Arm---he laugh'd amain---when lo!
 A Draught miraculous, of divers Hue;
 A wond'rous Groupe of Fribbles *tout nouveau*,
 Of *Jemmys alamode*, half Fool, half Beau;
 Of Fiddlers, Dancers, Players, World of Traff!
 Of Flirts, Gilt, Singers a *F---i* to *L---w*,
 Of Hummers, Punsters, who each other lash,
 All headed by that doughty Wight, bold Captain *Flash*.

XLII.

Of Poetasters, Spouters, *Robinhoodians* sage;
 Of Jockeys, Clerks, Prigs, Smarts, and Connoisseurs;
 Of Scribblers, Orators, who gull the Age;
 Of shewy Milliners, Barbiers, Tayleurs,
French Valets, Gamblers, Perruquiers, Friffeurs;
 Of Courtezans, Pimps, Bawds, industrious Crew!
Hibernians tall, *de là Fortune Chasseurs*---
 Quo' Death---"enough"---the Cords he instant drew,
Vandykes and *Cardinals* squeak'd, Adieu! *mes Cheres*, adieu.

XLIII.

"Onward he march'd"---but as he left the Hall,
 A crippl'd *Lazar* at the Gate was lain;
 "O! turn your Worship's Eye, he loud did bawl,
 "Ah! take me with you, Sir! my Life's a Pain---
 "O! good your Worship! ease me of the Chain"---
 On

On him Death look'd askint---“ Vile Lump of Clay !
 “ Dost think I've nought to do ?---aye---bawl again,
 “ I'll call for you anon---some other Day”---
 He turn'd upon his Heel, and so went on his Way.

XLIV.

A Bard sat pensive at the Sight dismay'd,
 These sad Events revolving in his Mind,
 He sigh'd at the Havoc Death had made ;
 “ Is this, alas ! the Lot of human Kind ?”
 A Voice reply'd, “ *Be humble---be resign'd*---
 “ Cease Mortal to complain, nor anxious grieve ;
 “ The Will of righteous Heav'n from first design'd,
 “ That nought but *Virtue* should alone survive,
 “ That e'en shall conquer *Death*, that shall for ever *live*.”

THE
R I D D L E.
A
T A L E,

I N Days of yore the Story goes,
A subterranean Castle rose ;
Which rear'd its Head a wond'rous Height,
The Work of some ingenious Sprite ;
Who in one Night perform'd the Feat,
And rais'd the Fabrick quite compleat ;
A Castle fam'd the Country round,
For Stateliness, Extent of Ground ;
Perhaps the Work of fam'd *Glendower*,
That great Adept in Magic Power ;

Per-

Perhaps of *Merlin*, hoary Sage!
 Name rever'd thro' many an Age :
 What matters, who the Architect?
 The Fact sure challenges Respect;
 It being true, so Legends tell,
 As that of *Winifredis* Well ;
 And full as true, for aught I know,
 As that of Church of *Loretto* :
 These are no Fictions, you'll allow,
 But who minds Magic, Legends, now?
 Hobgoblins, Fairies, Witches, Sprites,
 Don't venture out now e'en o' Nights ;
 So chang'd the Times since *James's* Days,
 When many a beldam Witch did blaze ;
 Alack ! our now degenerate Kings,
 They take no Notice of such Things :
 But to the Castle, Sir ! I pray,
 What have you more of that to say ?
 Where was this Building so renown'd,
 So well contrived under Ground ?
 Aye, there Sir, I'm not very clear,
 A stately Castle 'twas, but where
 In *Monmouth* or *Glamorganshire*
 It Stood——in Truth my Memory fails,
 But sure I am, it was in *Wales* :
 Now wave but this---and to be brief,
 To introduce you give me Leave ;

}

Where

Where dwelt a Knight of high Degree,
 Much fam'd for Hospitality ;
 Of Wealth he knew no other End,
 Than to enjoy or serve his Friend——
 A *Briton* true, an honest Soul,
 Who lov'd his Country, lov'd his Bowl ;
 And all who came from far and near,
 He'd entertain with welcome Cheer :
 A Knight who could his Lineage trace,
 From princely *Arthur's* martial Race ;
 Zeal for his Country (tho' but rare)
 Yet sometimes carry'd him too far :
 As he in honest Warmth extoll'd,
 The antient Race of *Britons* bold ;
 Quo' he——in Saints and Tyrants Reigns,
Saxons or *Romans*, *Normans*, *Danes* ;
 We still maintain'd our Language pure,
 Our Laws and Liberties secure ;
 What Country else can boast, said he,
 Such lengthen'd Lines of Ancestry ?
 I scorn your motley *London* Tribe,
 Who at *True Britons* flier and gibe,
 When they with Shouts and Ribaldry,
 St. *David* hang in Effigy :
 O! could I, said the Knight, bear Rule,
Fluellin like I'd force each Fool,
 To eat the Leek they ridicule ;

Those

Those Knaves who think themselves so arch,
 Perdie should dread the Ides of *March*;
 His Temper apt to wax too warm,
 Still the good Knight did mean no Harm;
 In Youth susceptible of Charms,
 In Love renown'd as well as Arms;
 But past the Summer of his Day,
 And blest with Autumn's milder Ray;
 In social Mirth and honest Ease,
 He past his Time, nor knew Disease:
 And herein was his chief Delight,
 On Winter Evenings to recite,
 Of Battles, Sieges, and Redoubts,
 Of fierce Attacks, Defeats and Routs,
 By *Monmouth's* famous *Harry* wrought,
 Who Danger spurn'd, and Glory fought:
 Oft he'd rehearse the warlike Sport,
 Perform'd in Field of *Agincourt*;
 Each hardy Knight recount by Name,
 And not forget his *Komero* * *Gam*;
 Insist that *Bolingbroke's* brave Son,
 In Deeds of Arms was ne'er out-done,
 By him of *Rome* or *Macedon*;
 With much Dexterity would shew,
 The various Uses of the Bow;

* *Gam*, a valiant *Welshman*, fam'd for the Report he made
 to *Edward the Black Prince* of the Enemy's Forces.

Some-

Sometimes produce the very Dart,
That struck a *Frenchman* to the Heart.
Well Sir!——a Traveller benighted,
As Chance would have it here alighted;
One who had trac'd the Globe half o'er,
Yet ne'er in *Wales* had been before;
But much had heard of this Knight's Fame;
He rang the Bell—the Porter came,
Who quickly op'd the ready Gate,
(Unus'd to let e'en Beggars wait;)
Not like the Porter of his Grace,
With swollen Paunch, and surly Face;
Of Name, Place, Function, makes Demand,
Watching the Motions of your Hand;
Acquaints you, after tedious Stay,
“ My Lord will not be seen To-day :”
But here sans Form our wearied Wight,
Was introduced to the Knight:
The good old Knight his Joy exprest,
In hearty Welcomes to his Guest;
Who was, if I am not mislead,
A Youth engaging and well bred;
Handsome his Face, his Person tall,
An easy Freedom graced all;
Of ample Fortune, large Estate,
Stil'd Esquire *Manly* 'mong the Great;
You might discern, e'en by his Looks,
That he'd read Men, as well as Books,

And

And had not merely travell'd o'er,
 Vast Tracks of Land, and nothing more ;
 But with Propriety could quote,
 What he'd remark'd as worthy Note ;
 Free from those stiff and studied Rules,
 Practis'd too much by pedant Fools ;
 Thus he'd agreeably define
 The Laws of *Po*, the *Danube*, *Rhine* ;
 Aptly account for, well explain,
 Why Gravity presides in *Spain* ;
 Why the *French* are so vivacious,
 Why the *Dutch* are so rapacious ;
 Who stick at nought when Gain's in View,
Amboyna's Farce would e'en renew ;
 Sure they have Cause to dread the Day,
 Which their foul Crimes shall purge away,
 Sins of their puny infant State,
 E'er *High and Mighty* prov'd ingrate,
 Like Prodigals should be their Fate ;
 Gladly to feed on Husks of Rice,
 No more monopolize the Spice :
 Od'sme, I have forgot the Squire ;
 O! he's above, a little higher :
 Well, cross the Seas he'd waft you o'er,
 And land you safe on *India's* Shore ;
 Then bring you back again intent,
 Over the spacious Continent ;

A a

There

There set you down with utmost Ease,
In *Spain*, or *France*, or where you please :
But here I'll not omit the Truth,
He had his Faults—but then his Youth——
And who as yet from *Adam* came,
That e'er was wholly free from Blame.
To the Fair Sex too much inclin'd,
As by the Sequel you will find ;
The Sequel, without more Parade,
Informs, here dwelt an handsome Maid ;
Patty her Name, if I don't blunder,
But Bards to do so is no Wonder ;
Patty ! ye cry, with Sneer oblique,
Why what o'douce could *Patt* be like ?
This Damsel, to be sure, must be
Some Nonpareil, some Prodigy :
What, was she fair and honest too ?
Have Patience, I'll my Tale pursue——
I'm sure you cannot take amiss
What I've to say, 'tis only this——
That such a Lass, without Prelude,
To introduce, would be quite rude :
Good Sir ! no more Preambulation,
Wind up the Thread of your Narration :
Then be it so—Gallants beware ;
Fair was her Skin, and black her Hair ;
Her Brows were arch'd, and then between,
The prettiest Nose that e'er was seen ;

Her

Her Forehead round, and smooth, and high,
And *Cupids* laugh'd in either Eye;
Her Lips were thin, her Teeth were small;
Like Coral those, and these like Pearl;
Her dimpl'd Cheeks and charming Face,
Whene'er she smil'd wore such a Grace,
That had you seen them you'd have sworn,
The like was never seen before;
So nice she was, so very neat,
No Damask Rose e'er smelt so sweet;
Her easy Waist well turn'd and small,
And such a pretty Bend withall;
And then her Neck, her Leg, her Thigh,
Who can describe? indeed not I—
All that's unsaid conclude the best,
And let your Fancy do the rest:
But still this Lass had all her Paces,
And well knew how to wear two Faces;
Could look demure, put on the Prude,
Portentous Sign she could be lewd;
At Church none more devoutly pray'd,
Nor more attend what Parson said;
But by the bye this Maxim take,
Saints the best of Sinners make;
As *John*, sly Rogue, had often prov'd,
When *Patt* was in the loving Mood;
Indeed take *John* from Top to Toe,
He was passablement or so;

A a 2

Could

Could very smartly wait at Table,
 Clean now a Wig, and now a Stable;
 But tall or short, or lean or Fat,
 What matters it? he pleas'd Miss *Patt*;
 But here methinks it is not right,
 To leave the Knight and 'Squire quite:
 Well, we'll suppose them *tete à tete*,
 Supper serv'd up, with Choice replete;
 That o'er, the Glass went briskly round,
 Gay Mirth and Jollity abound;
Patty was call'd to bring more Light,
 And see the Esquire's Bed was right;
 He in a Trice the Lass did spy,
 The Esquire had a roguish Eye;
 And strait it came into his Head,
 To court the Damsel to his Bed:
 The Ev'ning spent in various Chat,
 Of News and Wars, and this and that;
 He took his Leave, his Congees paid,
 And then was usher'd by the Maid;
 Quite opportune with am'rous Glances,
 He 'gan to further his Advancés;
 He sigh'd, he kiss'd, at large express,
 The raging Tortures of his Breast;
 Told her how the Gods above,
 All own'd that greater Pow'r, Love;
 That *Juno*, *Venus*, did the same,
 And Love return'd with equal Flame;

Her

Her various Beauties he ran o'er,
 Swore what had oft been sworn before;
 And when at Loss t'express her Charms,
 He hugg'd her close within his Arms;
 " My Dear! you know the House is haunted;
 " Nay, don't be frighten'd, don't be daunted;
 " But should you lay alone To-night,
 " Who knows what may the hellish Sprite?
 " But here your safe—" O! pray Sir, fie,
 " Sprites, De'els, and Goblins I defie:
 " My Vartue—'bove the World I prize,
 " I hate your Sek, the Men despise—
 " Don't---let me go---"then out she flies,
 Leaving him there to ruminate
 And curse his inauspicious Fate:
 Now if one might presume to guess,
 What baffl'd thus our 'Squire's Success;
 'Tis my Opinion his high Tropes,
 Dash'd at once his tow'ring Hopes;
 Having neglected *Ovid's* Rule,
 Ne'er to talk learned out of School;
 And not t'attack the Fort in Form,
 When he should carry it by Storm:
 'Tis plain, by *John*, here lay the Failing;
John's Argument was more prevailing:
 The Esquire meeting such Rebuff
 But seldom——thought it odd enough:

There's

“ There’s something more in this, quo’ he,
“ Than at first Sight appears to me ;
“ The Damsel’s pretty, looks too, kind,
“ Or else in Love Affairs I’m blind ;
“ So form’d by Nature to comply,
“ A Man wou’d swear she cou’dn’t deny ;”
But yet to Bed full loth to go,
The Door ajar——walk’d to and fro ;
Revolving thus how Things could be,
A Noise disturb’d his Reverie ;
John hap’d to trip in passing by,
He look’d, and plainly did descry
The Varlet, nimbly post his Way,
To Chamber where the Virgin lay ;
Three soft Taps——*Monimia*’s Sign——
Now *John* might boast was, *Patty*’s thine ;
The well known Raps Admission gain’d,
Whatever vartuous *Patt* had feign’d ;
Sly *John* stole in, they shut the Door,
Did as they’d often done before ;
The Esquire laugh’d——“ O ho ! O ho !
“ ’Tis plain enough how Matters go :”
Himself undress’d, in Bed he leapt,
“ Woman’s a RIDDLE,” he said, and slept.

L O N D O N :

A

S A T I R E.

QUICK let me hie me to some calm Retreat,
And leave the Fopp'ries of the Vulgar Great;
Pleas'd in myself, and with my little Store,
I'll smile at Fools, however gilded o'er;
There at my Leisure, near a Brook reclin'd,
Refresh my Senses, and regale my Mind;
With Books, with Music, or the friendly Bowl,
Which tune and harmonize the ruff'd Soul:
Cool Reason there shall teach me to deride,
This School of Folly, and this Source of Pride;
This Sink of Panders, Courtezans, and Cullies;
False Friends, Detractors, Sycophants, and Bullies;
Sharpers, and Lawyers, Stockjobbers, and Knaves;
Self-serving Patriots, ministerial Slaves;

Statef.

Statesmen and Courtiers, and the motley Tribe,
Of those who give, and those who take the Bribe;
Tawdry lac'd Coxcombs, and insipid Beaus;
To Wit and Merit, those eternal Foes.

O! let me soon in sweet Oblivion drown,
The Noise and Nonsense of this madning Town;
Where upstart Beggars loll in Coach of State,
Advanc'd by Fortune, or Caprice, or Fate;
Where smiling Villains rise by coz'ning Tricks,
Who sneer, at Honour void of Coach and Six:
Where pow'rful Wealth perverts the rightful Case,
And strong Oppression grinds the needy Face:
Where retail Justice proves a thriving Trade;
And perjur'd Bankrupts the strict Laws evade;
With all the rest of the base cheating Crew,
The half-fac'd Christian, and the tricking Jew:
I hate a Villain of whate'er Degree,
Rich tho' he be as — * poor as —;
Illustrious Poverty's more splendid far,
Than all the Glories of a guilty Star:
Here Interest, vile Interest, bears such Sway,
Both Law and Gospel readily obey;
The courtly Prelate and the modish Judge,
That Point in view, incessantly will drudge;
This soothes the Audience with a pleasing Art,
Glosses the Text and does the Sense pervert;

* The Blanks the Author has left to be fill'd up by the
Reader, as too many Instances must occur to his Observation.

With

With specious Form the other spies a Flaw,
 While gaping Juries swallow all for Law;
 The canting Cit ne'er thinks of what's to come,
 But damns his Conscience to make up his Plum;
 The supple Courtier with the Cit doth vie,
 And pawns his Honour to a shuffling Lie:
 See the gay Insects fly at Pleasure's Call,
 To Routs, to Drums, to *Ranelagh*, *Vauxhall*;
 Where they display their Vanity, and Dress,
 And ev'ry sauntering Attitude express;
 They buz, they flutter round th' alluring Flame,
 Who can th' enamour'd pretty Triflers blame?
 See! pamper'd Actors vie with Lords in Wealth,
 Cramm'd with the Pence of each mechanic Elf;
 Sure they are right, who while they touch the Crown,
 Laugh at the Folly of a play-mad Town:
 See! mongrel Poets prostitute their Verse,
 To please a Patron, or to deck a Hearse:
 See! Tradesmen aping Gentry in their Dress,
 The Gentry, Lords—where ends the mad Excess?
 See! Lords Buffoons——O! 'tis in vain, no more
 The endless Follies of the Town explore.
 The grosser Vices I forbear to name,
 Nor shall my Page be sullied with their Shame;
 Say how they act whose Riches speak them blest,
 Whose passive Virtues rank them with the best;
 Their hoarded Wealth sequester'd, unemploy'd,
 They nor enjoy, nor let it be enjoy'd;

B b

Whose

Whose narrow Minds absorb'd in meanest Cares,
 Ne'er think of making their own Hands their Heirs;
 Contracted all in Self, or Second-self,
 Dying, bequeath their aggregated Pelf,
 T' enrich a Son, (O! high Pursuit in Life)
 Or forward Daughter, or a selfish Wife;
 To raise a Family, a Phantasm, Name,
 Which oft the more perpetuates their Shame;
 Or deaf to Cry of Relatives leave all,
 Like pious ——— to an Hospital;
 Or else to load with their unweildy Store,
 Those partial Fortune had enrich'd before,
 For who would give to Merit when 'tis poor:
 Their Pride they carry with them to the Grave,
 And even there Appearances would save;
Mid ~~Thro'~~ all the distinguish'd Items of their Will,
 A Name undubb'd by Wealth would sound but ill;
 Thus *Young's* Muse sings, and what she sings, is plain,
 "To merit is but to provide a Pain,
 "By Men's refusing what you ought to gain."
 Fools that are honest, if you mean to thrive,
 Pimp, flatter, lie, supplant, nay *****.
 How great the Man that's gen'rous and humane,
 Who dares be Proof against the Lure of Gain?
 Whose Veins are fill'd with well attemper'd Blood,
 Whose Virtue's fix'd, not whimsically good;
 Fancy nor Fashion to direct the Deed,
 But Love to Merit and the Man in Need:

Such

Such is the *rare*, disinterested Friend,
 One who unask'd will his Assistance lend;
 Whose Bosom glowing with the heav'nly Flame,
 Spares his Friend's Blush the grating Want to name,
 But is beforehand with him in his Grants,
 And, truly great, anticipates his Wants:
 Hail! sacred Friendship, true celestial Fire!
 Such as did once our Ancestors inspire;
 Their dastard Sons have so refin'd a Sense,
 They're tasteless to the Joys it does dispense:
 Who'll now retrench from Equipage and Dress,
 Curtail superfluous Folly and Excess?
 Deny himself his Bottle and his Whore,
 And nobly turn the Current of his Store?
Florio shall squander Hundreds on a Punk,
 Or with bright *Burgundy* get madly drunk;
 When one poor Moiety, one hundredth Part,
 Would cheer the Afflicted, raise the drooping Heart:
Avidien sacrifice his Children's Ease,
 A false insinuating Drab to please,
 Who if she tells the old Fool that he's young,
 What's sweeter than the Music of her Tongue?
 Sons, such as these, O! *London*, thou hast Store,
 Then who can say, *Astræa* is no more!
 To what an Height their Virtues will thee raise?
 Thrice happy Children who shall see the Days;
 Go on and thrive, the same glorious Tracks pursue,
 Contagion's dangerous, I bid ye all, Adieu.

*On its being inserted in the Papers, that the
K*** had killed Forty-seven Boars with his
own Hand.*

The ROYAL CHACE.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all ;
A famous Hunting once there did
In *H---n---r* befall.

The K—— rode out attended well,
By many a gallant Peer ;
In comely Order all array'd,
With Bow and warlike Spear :

A glorious Sight ! and as they rode,
The K—— a Vow did make,
That he would then, in *G---r---n* Woods,
His Royal Pastime take ;

In Hunting of the foaming Boar,
Sure ne'er was fitter Place ;
Odzooks ! could you but then have seen,
The Joy in ev'ry Face.

The

Miscellaneous Poems.

189

The Chace began—but here's a Blank,
I can't describe the Sport;
I was not there upon my Word,
I stay'd behind at Court:
But sure it must be dreadful Work,
If what is said be true;
How G—— with his own Hand no less,
Than Seven and Forty flew:
The Bells did ring, the Boys did shout,
And run about like wild;
The People's Hearts were all right glad,
And Y---r---b's Countess smil'd;
Quo' she, how greatly blest am I,
In such a Man of Might?
Who if such Feats could do To-day,
What may'nt I hope at Night?
St. George he is for England,
St. Dennis is for France;
Now sing, brave Boys, God bless the King,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Written

Written in an Alcove near Orpington in Kent.

WHEN I survey with wond'ring Eyes,
This beauteous rural Scene;
Pleas'd with the View, my raptur'd Soul
Is lost in Joys serene;
Joys such as these it needs must be
Which *Adam* once possess'd;
When he beheld great Nature's God
In *Eden's* Glories dress'd.
Grant me kind Heav'n! indulge thus far,
My Being's utmost Wish;
Life's chequer'd, various Fate to end
In such a Spot as this:
In Contemplation of thy Works,
My peaceful Hours to spend;
O may I ne'er those Blessings want,
A well chose Book and Friend.
O! if it ben't too much to ask,
To crown this calm Retreat;
Grant a kind Fair One to my Arms,
And make the Bliss complete.

On

On the Tragedy of E——a.

E——A scorns to make her Audience weep,
 She's better bred,——composes them to sleep;
*Là Tendre——Virtue——*load the wearied Page,
 'Tis *a-la-mode Pâri——*no buskin Rage——
 Not one poor Rhime to animate the Soul;
 Believe me, Sir, one Rhime would damn the whole:
 Then as for Murder, not for all the World;
 The *French* explode it, from their Stage 'tis hurl'd:
 'Tis done, 'tis done---our mighty *Shakespear's* wreckt,
 On *French* Refinement and a Taste correct.

The Force of Beauty.

FAIR *Celia!* when I prais'd your Charms,
 Your lovely Face and circling Arms;
 Your sparkling Eyes so full of Fire,
 That kindle at each Glance Desire;
 Your snowy Breast that rise and fall,
 Your Leg so taper neat and small;
 An envious Cur sat leering by,
 And giving thus my Tale the Lie,
 Cry'd hold! your Love runs on too fast,
 Believe me 'tis too hot to last;

But

But why so full of *Celia's* Praise?
 Excuse the Laugh your Raptures raise;
 They rather should my Pity move,
 To see how Men are gull'd by Love;
 How can they thus themselves degrade,
 Wer'n't they for higher Uses made?
 Patience, good Sir! don't testy be;
 The Gods above, as well as we,
 Have been to blame, if Love's a Fault,
 A Thousand Cases might be brought,
 To prove the Thing; well do so then——
 That can I both from Gods and Men——
 The Thund'rer having Right to claim,
 As first of Gods, the first to name;
 Great *Jove* himself did ne'er dispute,
 To quit the God, commence the Brute;
 The Bull's majestic Stride put on,
 How soon *Europa's* Heart he won!
 His Head brimful of *Leda* ran,
 He did not scruple turning Swan;
 He gain'd *Alcmena* in Disguise,
Alcmena an *Amphitryon* plies:
 Nay more, his Godship deign'd so far,
 E'n Things inanimate to wear;
 Fair *Danae's* lovely Charms he'd win,
 And in a Golden Show'r dropt in:
 Grave *Neptune* lov'd his *Amphitrite*,
 They say she'd Charms that would invite ye:

Nay,

Nay, *Pluto*, that grim God of Hell,
 'Tis said lov'd *Proserpine* so well;
 He left his dusky Realm for Love,
 And blaz'd in Sunshine here above;
 'Till he could meet the lucky Chance,
 And with his *Proserpine* could prance:
 Now these three are your first-rate Gods,
 Which prove's there's no more need of Words;
 For no one e'er would be so rude,
 To say the Gods don't know what's good;
 But craving Patience—I will on,
 And make the Case as clear as Noon:
Mars, best distinguish'd by his Scar,
 Tho' stil'd the dreadful God of War;
 Yet couldn't resist young *Cupid's* Dart,
Venus and he were found alert;
 So blinded too their love-fraught Eyes,
 That *Vulcan's* Net did both surprize:
Bacchus, that drunken frantic God,
 Would drink, and then 'twas no ways odd;
 Would wench, then drink, then wench, and so,
 The various Round of Mirth would go;
 Fair *Ariadne* was his Flame,
 But when drunk, 'twas e'en just the same,
 Whether the Daughter of a King,
 Or any Drab, mean paltry Thing:
Apollo too, great Wisdom's God!
 But Wisdom's sometimes seen to nod;

'Tis strange, but yet with all his Cunning,
Couldn't help after *Daphne* running ;
Swift *Daphne* ran, the God pursu'd ;
Could he have caught her, he'd been rude :
One would ha' thought that he'd known better,
And made coy *Daphne* gallop after.
So much for Gods, I'll e'en begin,
Hercules, as first of Men to sing ;
Hercules, that Hero, Man of Might,
Who fifty Boys could get i'th'Night ;
That Scourge of Tyrants, Monsters Dread,
The Urchin *Cupid* tamely led ;
Omphale would wear the Lion's Skin,
The while she made him sit and spin ;
His Club too he must throw away,
The Distaff take, and with her play :
Achilles too, forsooth, couldn't fight,
Out of *Deidamia's* Sight ;
Oh ! how his Stars he oft would bless,
Whilst lay disguis'd in Female Dress ;
Among the Royal Fair One's rov'd,
Who highly the Campaign approv'd ;
Whilst in their Arms he found Repose,
A Fig for *Greece* and all her Foes :
Nay, what is stranger yet to tell,
Some Folks have e'en gone down to Hell ;
'Tis said *Eurydice* the fair,
Made crazy *Orpheus* tramp down there :

If

If there was need of farther Store,
I could produce a Thousand more ;
“ No, no, you’ve made the Thing appear ;
“ Your Pardon, Sir ! ’tis very clear :”
Why all I meant by’t is to shew,
That Gods above, and Men below ;
All, *Celia* ! own the Pow’r divine ;
All, all must feel such Charms as thine.

On Miss Esther H---r---s.

NO Wonder *Persia*’s King was mov’d,
With *Esther*’s powerful Charms ;
Or *Haman* proud a Victim fell,
To Love’s all conqu’ring Arms :

But had the mighty Monarch liv’d,
In these our halcyon Days ;
Fair *Esther H---r---s* would have struck,
His Soul with strange Amaze.

Not Rapture then had let him bow,
The Scepter’s Royal Pride ;
The Joy had too ecstatic been,
Himself had bow’d---and dy’d.

*An Acrostic on Sir Peter Warren, Admiral, on
board the Invincible at Sea.*

S adly dejected, fair *Britannia* sat,
I mpling thus the Genius of her State,
R ise to my Aid, she cry'd, some Hero rise,
P rotect my Person, and my Foes chastize :
E ach Bosom heav'd a Sigh, with Fear dismay'd,
T ill GEORGE arose to save the drooping Maid :
E late with Joy, *Britannia* view'd the Chief,
R esolv'd to perish, or to end her Grief :
Warren, he said, 's my Substitute to save,
A s cool in Council, as in Action brave ;
R ouz'd to the War, my Thunder he shall pour,
R ound *Gallia*'s Coast, and proud *Iberia*'s Shore ;
E xacting Vengeance with so strict a Hand,
Nor more thy Foes can give, nor Thou demand.

*On the Adam and Eve, badly painted in the
Headway of the Invincible.*

THANKS to our Stars! the Painter's Skill,
Hath giv'n us no new Letch ;
For all must own that Mother *Eve*,
Is here an ugly Wretch :

But

But then the well contrived Piece,
Doth raise no fierce Desires ;
Nay, rather serves to quench, than add
New Fuel to our Fires :

But had he drew, as *Milton* wrote,
How wretched were our Fate!
Not *Adam's* Case were half so bad,
As our unhappy State ;

The Object nigh, no Damsel near,
To lay the raging Flame,
Dame Nature might have been provok'd,
To what I would not name :

Then who can say, the Painter here,
Hath shew'd nor Art, nor Skill ?
For sure, if Judgment's reckon'd aught,
He has perform'd not ill.

On the Battle of Fontenoy.

B *BRITANNIA!* mourn no more, thy Grief restrain ;
Cease to lament thy Sons, untimely slain ;
Rather rejoice that *Fontenoy's* Field,
Such Proofs of *British* Bravery could yield :
Happy Event ! which furnishes a Page,
To grace the Annals of the present Age :

Thrice

Thrice glorious Day! most fortunately ill!
Which shew'd that *Britons* could be *Britons* still;
Your Courage, *Franks!* in open Field ne'er shew;
Lurk, lurk in Cover, and annoy the Foe.

*An Answer to the Lines as under, on the Death
of Mr. Pope.*

HOW dar'st thou, Scribler, to the World to own,
Apollo thee inspir'd to "grave *Pope's* Stone?"
Wretch that thou art, who shall absolve thy Crime,
To father on *Apollo* thy Church-yard Rhime?
"On *Pope's* sad Hearse" there needs no other Stuff,
Acknowledge that thy own is Load enough;
Be wise, repent——there's nothing can thee save;
Mourn for thyself——*Dulness* has dug thy Grave.

The Lines.

NO more dull Stuff on *Pope's* sad Hearse be thrown,
Apollo thus inspires to grave *Pope's* Stone;
Whose Bone's interr'd? whose Ashes here inurn'd?
What Hero buried? or what Poet mourn'd?
Would'st Reader know? his Essays justly scan,
On Criticism one, and one on Man:
His *Dying Christian*, his *Messiah* Strains,
Evince that Soul whose Body here remains:

Lo!

Lo! here the whole of *Pope* that felt Decay;
Fate fix'd its Point, and all must Fate obey:
The rest his Works, his Fame shall never die,
'Till whirling Planets cease to roll the Sky.

*On Mr. G——-k's Petition in the World to Lord
C——-d, in a Letter to Lord R——-r.*

I HOPE, my Lord, 'tis not amiss,
That I presume to send you this;
Your kind Assistance thus to crave,
To rescue *Osman* from the Grave:
Alas! I doubt he's near his End,
Unless your Lordship stands his Friend;
And tho', poor Rogue, he is a Turk,
To save is sure a Christian Work;
By *Jove* I'd rather have him damn'd,
Than moulder thus in Bureau cramm'd.

My Lord! you'll pardon this Address,
And hope his Suff'rings you'll redress;
'Tis no unusual Thing, I'm clear,
For Bards to ask the Aid of Peer;
Shall I a fresh Example quote,
From little Man of greatest Note?
Who did it but the other Day,
Implor'd a C——-d they say;

To

To prop the *World*, an arduous Task!
 No such *Atkean* Aid I ask;
 Indeed, my Lord! to say the Truth,
 And sure my *Ipsé-dixit's* Proof;
 The *World* o'er-fraught with Morals sage,
 And Lectures grave thro' many a Page,
 On naked Shoulders, Breasts, and so,
 Has long been reeling to and fro;
 And if this *Atlas*, this *Alcides*,
 (Whose Strength already fully try'd is)
 Don't quickly clap his Shoulders to't,
 Adieu! vain *World* and *Moore* to boot:
 Good L—d! what if the *World* should fall,
 Have mercy, Heav'n! preserve us all:
 Our Pray'r is heard, my Lord will write,
 All brought about by that same Wight,
 Who tickl'd C——d with Puff,
 Of Finger, Thumb, and Pinch of Snuff,
 A quaint Conceit you say, aye marry,
 The Deuce is in't if it miscarry;
 For if a Finger, Thumb will do't,
 What Peer alive is such a Brute!
 As to stand gaping at a Distance,
 And not to lend the *World* Assistance:
 I am, my Lord! with Zeal quite fervent,
 Your most devoted humble Servant.

The Important Question.

AS *Venus* sat mop'd, no *Mars* to divert her,
 Her good Man asleep, whom she wished alerter;
 "I'll e'en take a Ride, says she, put the Doves to;"
 'Tis done, the young Coosers away with her flew,
 And gambold the Air, as if proud of her Weight:
 "To *Vauxhall* bend your Course, and wing me there strait;
 "Jove bless me! who's this? it is *Ceres*, I swear,
 "Or else Lady *Dian* by the Shade of her Air;
 "Good-morrow, bright *Venus*! pray, whither so fast?
 "Your Ladyship seems to be driving Post Haste;
 "I am for *Vauxhall*, to *Pomona* the Fair,
 "The Queen of the Spring—I'm inform'd, she lives there;
 "My Dear! you're quite out, turn your Phaeton round,
 "Her Court is at *Ranelagh*, thither I'm bound;
 "Nay prithee, good *Ceres*! that can't be her home,
 "Do you think that she'd live coop'd up in a Dome?
 "Believe me, as soon as she'd sit on a Throne,
 "Envelop'd all round with the Smoak of yon Town;
 "But see! whom have we here, that drive's such a Rate?
 "O! *Juno*, I know by her Peacocks and State;
 "Shall she then decide? Yes—hail, Queen of the Sky!
 "We've a little Dispute, dear Madam! draw nigh;
 "'Tis where *Pomona* resides? that's the *Fracas*,
 "I say at *Vauxhall*, she insists *Ranelagh*."
 At which *Juno* smil'd, "I thought you and *Ceres*,

D d

"Had

" Had much better known, than deal in such Queries ;
 " When all the World grants, *Kendal-House* is the Place,
 " *Pomona* the Queen of the Spring deigns to grace ;
 " In the Bower you'll find her, or else in the Groves,
 " Where Linnets and Nightingales warble their Loves ;
 " Perhaps near the River's Meander she strays,
 " Or by the Canal with *Vertumnus* she plays ;
 " Or else you will see her in Dance on the Green,
 " With the Graces and Loves who encircle their Queen ;
 " To your Majesty Thanks ! excuse further Stay,
 " We'll e'en to her Court, where we'll spend a rich Day."

Colin and Belinda ; a Dialogue.

AS *Colin* was tripping it over the Green,
 By Way of a Walk for to drive out the Spleen ;
 It chanc'd that *Belinda* he met on the Way,
Belinda the fair, the young and the gay :
 He gueſt as ſhe thought herſelf handſome and tall,
 That the Pride of her Heart wou'd give her a Fall ;
 He knew by the Air of her ſwimming along,
 That ſhe thought ſhe had lived a Maiden full long.

Colin. Dear Fair one ! he cry'd, my Eyes never were bleſt
 With ſuch Beauty and Grace as in you is expreſt ;
 You're ſome Goddeſs I'm ſure playing o'Tricks,
 Come down from above us poor Mortals to vex :

Belinda. Ah ! Men, ſhe reply'd, thus all of you ſay,
 When you purpoſe to draw us poor Maidens away ;
 Then

Then ye tell us we're handsome, ye flatter and vow,
Protest ye ne'er knew what was Beauty 'till now.

Colin. Let him that disputes it once look on these Eyes,
That illumine our Sphere as the Stars do the Skies;
Let him view but this Bosom, this Shape and this Air,
Let him then if he can dissemble his Care;
Let him feel but the Tortures I feel in my Breast,
He'll find 'tis you only can lull 'em to Rest:
Ah! fairest of Creatures! can these Looks inspire
The fierce Rage of Love's Flame, and not quench the Fire?
Can such Beauty as this so tyrannical prove,
As to put by at once my first Essay of Love?
For I ne'er lov'd 'till now. *Bel.* Can I believe you? *Col.*

you may,

And I'll prove as constant and true as the Day.

Bel. Aye, say you so? then I will tell you my Mind,
My Heart 'till this Instant to Love ne'er inclin'd;
When others address me, I was deaf to the Joy,
When *Cupid* attack'd me, I laugh'd at the Boy;
But your Words and your Looks so tenderly move,
'Tis in vain to resist the sweet Pow'r of Love:
For I find the Time's come. *Col.* Aye, Charmer it is,
And not to make Use on't wou'd be highly amiss;
Come, come to my Arms. *Bel.* I mustn't. *Col.* You shall.

Bel. Ah! me,

Fate and Fortune's to blame; and all must obey.

Col. Then leave it to them. *Bel.* how I tremble all o'er!
A shudd'ring Chillness obstructs ev'ry Pore.

Colin open'd a Vein, on the Remedy hit,
He thoroughly warm'd her, shook off the cold Fit.

The Beau, in Answer to the Belle.

ARTIST! since it is confest,
That of Painters you're the best;
Prithee as thou dost excel,
Draw the Beau as well as Belle;
Draw him just as when I saw,
The Dear One shine at *Ranelagh*;
Let his Hat be very small,
Of the finest Beaver all;
Light as Feather, Emblem plain!
Of his Levity of Brain;
On his Head a Bag Toupee,
Frizzl'd *Alamode Paris*:
Short, that so may full appear,
The enchanting Brunette Ear;
Grace his Neck quite debonnair,
With the modish *Solitaire*;
Of the blackest Riband sleek,
Let it flutt'ring tap his Cheek;
Draw the Lock that's in his Pole,
Give the wanton Eye its Roll;
Don't forget the Patch and Dimple,
Patch that's plac'd to hide a Pimple:

And

And be sure the Coat you load,
 With golden Tassels *Alamode*;
 Blue too, of the finest Die,
 Just to cover half the Thigh;
 Sattin Waistcoat white as Milk,
 Breeches of the finest Silk;
 Nor a Wrinkle let there be,
 Short too, just above the Knee;
 Let the *Dresden* Ruffles shew,
 Hand as white as any Snow;
 Bright's his Sword, I have been told,
 As rough *William's* was of old;
 Heroes then their chief Delight in
 Was in conquering and fighting;
 Fools who study'd nothing less,
 Than Taste in Modes, Taste in Dress:
 Now the finest Hose put on,
 E'er laborious Silk Worm spun;
 Touch off the glitt'ring Buckle too,
 Softest *Spanish* for the Shoe;
 O'er all his Form with Art disclose,
 An Air like Dancing as he goes:
 Take these Hints without Delay,
 To the World this Thing display;
 The Beau shall then with Shame confess,
 That e'en his better Part is Dress.

An

An ANTIGALLICAN SONG.

YE Sons of true Freedom! let's drink, and let's sing;
 Our Glasses charg'd high, to the Health of the KING;
 To each honest Tar, and all honest Souls,
 Who love Fighting in Earnest, and full flowing Bowls.

To each worthy Captain, whate'er his Command;
 Or * publick, or private; by Sea, or by Land;
 Who the Virtue of *Drake*, or a *Howard* † inherit;
 Those glorious Examples of old *English* Spirit.

Who ne'er reckon'd Odds when they were to engage,
 And scorn'd to shackle the Lion's just Rage;
 For when hard beset they disdain'd to fly;
 The only Word known, was——Boys, conquer or die.

As for those Poltroons, howe'er high their Station;
 Who, as Cowards——or Knaves,---embarrass the Nation;
 Who Fighting avoid,——or when Fighting do run;
 Let them swing in a Halter, or die by a Gun.

A Health to the Patriot, whoever he be,
 From Taxes and Debts who his Country would free;
 May so noble a Scheme ev'ry where meet Applause;
 No Party, or Faction, t'obstruct the good Cause.

* King's Ships or Privateers.

† HOWARD Earl of *Surrey*, General of the Forces at the
 Battle of *Floddon-Field*.

Like

Like fam'd ANTIGALLICANS let us behave;
 Keep our Motto in View,----FOR OUR COUNTRY---be
 brave;
 Remember our Sires, who the *Monseurs* did maul,
 And shew the brave Spirit of a true ANTIGAUL.

*On the Freedom of the City of London being
 presented to the Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT,
 Esq; and the Right Hon. HENRY BILSON
 LEGGE, Esq;*

WHEN Rome's great *Cæsar* had her Battles won,
 Four diff'rent Triumphs grac'd her darling Son;
 Glorious he enter'd 'midst the Spoils of War,
 And look'd a God in the Triumphal Car:
 The vulgar Shout proclaim'd the Victor's Praise,
 And noisy Pomp distinguished the Days:
 But *Britain's* Sons may boast superior Fame,
 Their Bosoms glowing with a worthier Flame;
 Superior Triumph boast, a nobler Prize,
 The general Plaudit of the Good and Wise:
 When fair * *Augusta* gave with patriot Hand,
 All that true Worth could ask, or Merit could demand.

* *Augusta, London* so called.

The

The B E Q U E S T.

*Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici!
Solaq; quæ possit facere & servare beatum.*

WONDER at nothing, if you'd be at rest,
'Tis that alone can make and keep you blest;
'Faith *Horace*, thou art right, there's nothing here,
Deserves our Wonder, Hope, or anxious Fear;
Fidelia dying, greets her promis'd Heir,
" You know, *Bellmour*, you've been my only Care;"
Grasping his Hand, " You're ever in my Thought,
" God bless the Boy," but left him not a Groat:
No Doubt her dying Blessing was worth more,
Than cursing him with Trash and worldly Store;
To what an Height in these religious Days,
Will Faith and Piety our Affections raise!
How easy it is when the Case is not our own,
To bid Another trust in God alone.

The Fond Nymph, a Song.

KIND Disturber of my Rest!
Closer, closer, still be prest;
In these Arms, my lovely Boy,
Give me, give me farther Joy.

Why

Why would'st hasten thus away,
 Prithee, prithee, longer stay;
 Why so willing to be gone,
 Why would'st leave me here alone?
Phæbus doth not yet arise,
 But in *Thetis'* Arms still lies;
 Why would'st thou less tender prove,
 To my Passion, to my Love?
 Time admits of no Delay,
 Let's enjoy it while we may;
 Prithee, stay my lovely Boy,
 Give me, give me farther Joy.

The Invocation, a Song.

SOFT God of Love! to thee I sing,
 To thee a wounded Heart I bring;
 O! hear, O! hear a tender Maid,
 Who suppliant seeks thy friendly Aid.
 I own thy Sway, thy Power I feel,
 Thyself in gracious Smiles reveal;
 Nor let thy Triumph o'er my Breast,
 In Rage and Torment be exprest.
 Bring *Strephon* to these longing Eyes,
 To thee shall Clouds of Incense rise;
 Or hear my Pray'r, or set me free,
 Soft God of Love! propitious be.

E c

The

The Happy Maid, a Song.

O ! Love, how pleasing are thy Darts,
Which wound a Pair of mutual Hearts ?
With Joy we wear the pleasing Chain,
When thou with Smiles vouchsafes to reign.

Thy Pow'r in vain we would repel,
They're punish'd most, who most rebel ;
But, O ! how sweet's the Maiden's Pain,
Who gently sighs, nor sighs in vain.

Pleasing Anguish ! gentle Fires !
Tender Wishes ! soft Desires !
Smiling Hope, and sprightly Joy,
All her blissful Hours employ.

*On its being reported that Lord O-----d
repents.*

O———D ! afflicted with the Stone, repents,
And shews, they say, great Signs of Penitence :
Who in the least can doubt his Reformation ;
See ! he refunds the Plunder of the Nation :
Of all his Funds, Refund he ne'er could like ;
How forcibly the racking Stone can strike !

Why

Why do ye wonder ! Men of Parts so quick,
Repent much faster than the humdrum Sick ;
One Hour with them more Sins doth wipe away,
Than Dull-Ones dreaming o'er their Beads a Day.

N.B. It is desir'd this may be look'd on only as an Excursion of Fancy, no Sarcaſm being intended on his Lordſhip, to whom the Author had the Honour of being personally known, and whom in private Life he greatly revered.

On Water-Gruel, by Desire ; occaſioned by a ſingular Adventure.

HAIL ! *Water-Gruel*, ever ſacred Name,
Once ſo propitious to my genial Flame ;
O ! be the Day diſtinguiſh'd thro' the Year,
That Day for ever ſhall my Soul revere ;
When thy tranſcendent Power ſtood confeſt,
And eas'd the Torture of my raging Breſt ;
Delicious Liquor ! of a Stock Divine !
For ever honour'd be thy grateful Shrine :
Bow, Sons of *Bacchus* ! bow, no more adore,
Your frantic God, but own ſuperior Pow'r ;
No more the Ivy round your Temples twine,
No more extol the Joys of madning Wine ;

The Juice of *Tuscan* Grape in vain ye boast,
 In vain the Produce of *Iberia's* Coast ;
 In vain fam'd *Gallia's Burgundy, Champagne ;*
Tokay, Moselle, the Rhine ye boast in vain ;
 Nor that blest Spot where *Phæbus* lenient smiles,
Canaria happy 'mid the happiest Isles ;
 Nor fair *Madeira* ; nor rich *Afric's* Coast ;
 Nor *Cyprus*, nor the Eastern World can boast,
 Beverage so rich : Not e'en so rich that Draught
 Wherein the Wealth of Provinces was quaff ;
 Which *Cleopatra* mixing fondly gave,
 To clasp the World in *Anthony* the brave.

Hail! *Water-Gruel*, ever sacred Name,
 Be still propitious to my genial Flame :
 Thou e'en the Nectar of the Gods outvies,
 Which *Hebe* serves, and *Ganimede* supplies ;
 When thro' the Courts of Heav'n they gaily rove,
 In Masquerade, and toast the Health of *Jove* :
 Mistaken Bards ! no more attempt to sing,
 The Joys that flow from the *Pierian* Spring ;
 And O ! ye Sisters fair, ye tuneful Nine !
 Taste, taste ye Liquor more than that Divine ;
 Salubrious Draught ! to Physic deadly Foe !
 Parent of ev'ry temp'rate Good below !

O ! had thy Virtue *Alexander* try'd,
 Thy Suit, fair *Thais*, then had been deny'd ;
 He would not, hadst thou cool'd the heated Brain,
 Have fir'd *Persepolis*, or his *Clitus* slain :

O !

O! had you tasted of the Love-fraught Bowl,
Amanda sipt—'twas then my raptur'd Soul
 In Ecstasy was lost, then ev'ry Sense
 Feasted on Joys Love could alone dispense:
 With me then *Water-Gruel* you would raise,
 'Bove loftiest Themes, and win the Laureat Bays.

The Butterfly and Ant, a Fable.

FAIR *Cloe*! when thou deign'st to come,
 To any neighb'ring Rout or Drum;
 The Belles who shin'd before so bright,
 Dazzl'd each *Petit Maitre's* Sight;
 By thee eclips'd, their Lustre lose,
 Thy Charms each Belle with Envy views;
 Their Leers malignant round they throw,
 At thee, and each admiring Beau:
 Ah, envious Train! may never you,
 In Dishabille gay *Cloe* view;
 Then ev'ry Ear you'd buzzing fill,
 Of flattern *Cloe's* Dishabille:
 What keen Invectives would you spread,
 Could you fair *Cloe* see in Bed?
 What Tittle-tattle here and there,
 Of soiled Sheets and matted Hair?
 O! let not busy Tongues proclaim,
 Nor scandalize bright *Cloe's* Fame;

E're

E're they succeed, reflect, amend,
The Moral's plain, if you'll attend.
A Butterfly of Rank and Birth,
As high as any Fly's on Earth ;
Upon a Summer's Sun-shine Day,
In wanton Flutters wing'd her Way ;
O'er Fields, o'er Lawns, o'er gay Parterres,
And thought the Universe was her's :
At length she lighted on a Spray,
Near which a Race of Emmets lay,
Supine within their Demiball,
'Till rous'd by Industry's loud Call ;
When each alert with Vigour sprung,
To end the Task they had begun ;
A Female Lab'rer cast her Eye,
And happ'd her Ladyship to spy ;
She star'd and look'd like one amaz'd,
At so much Beauty long she gaz'd ;
But willing Spouse should have a Share,
And see a Thing so wond'rous rare ;
" Come forth, says she, and leave your Grains,
" The Sight will amply pay your Pains ;
" For ne'er was seen with Emmet's Eye,
" So delicate a Butterfly :"
This unlook'd-for Invitation,
Put him soon in Agitation ;
He issu'd forth, and soon he came,
Where sat the gawdy listless Dame ;

He

He Step by Step obsequious drew,
'Till nearer still he came in View ;
" Fair Queen of Butterflies! he cry'd,
" What wretch art Thou?" she stern reply'd ;
This insolent and haughty Taunt,
Did not dismay the curious Ant ;
To gain his Point required Skill,
E'en Ants can flatter if they will ;
In lavish Praise he then begun,
And swore her Eyes outvy'd the Sun ;
Such burnish'd Feathers tipp'd with Gold,
No Mortal sure did e'er behold :
This Flatt'ry soon her Pride subdu'd,
She vow'd the ugly Ant was rude ;
" What would'st thou have, thou little Knave?"
" Permit me, Ma'am, to be your Slave :"
Quite apropos 'twas taken well,——
He ask'd the Lady to his Cell ;
Promis'd to shew her all his Store,
And teach her Arts unknown before :
The dainty Dame then smil'd Consent,
To follow where her 'Squire went :
He bid a trusty Servant hie,
Acquaint the Swarm a Guest was nigh ;
Desir'd they'd set their Portals wide,
To lay their num'rous Eggs aside,
And of their Cheer the best provide :

} When

When lo ! arrives th' illustrious Guest,
 The busy Swarm their Zeal exprest ;
 In Files obsequious back they fell,
 Then marched to the inmost Cell ;
 Where ready stood the plain Repast,
 Whate'er could please the sober Taste :
 The Banquet o'er, they now presume,
 To shew her forth from Room to Room ;
 Where providential Care was seen,
 In hoarded Heaps, and all was clean :
 Ah, Fools ! to think so fine a Fly,
 Could e'er endure Oeconomy ;
 And hadn't she been a Fly polite,
 She would have told them so outright ;
 Now vapour'd, spleen'd she bid adieu !
 Oblig'd to meet the L——d knows who ;
 Then with Air of Affectation ;
 Gave her Spark this Invitation ;
 " On yonder beau Parterre I dwell,
 " 'Tis there, Sir Ant ! I'm known full well :"
 To each kind Emmet Thanks she gave,
 And did her Honours to her Slave :
 The Lady gone, the silly Elf,
 Now loath'd his Wife, his Food, himself ;
 In melancholy Mood would cry,
 Ah ! when again shall wretched I,
 Behold my most enchanting Fly ?

He

He reason'd of unlawful Flame,
But still, alas ! 'twas all the same ;
Against the wily *Cupid's* Dart,
What Emp alive could guard his Heart ?
His silly Mind by Love o'ercame,
(Wiser than him have been to blame)
No longer able to endure,
He e'en sets out to find a Cure ;
Love lent him Wings, he soon arrives,
But who can paint the Emp's Surprize ?
So strangely alter'd was the Dame,
He could have swore she wer'n't the same,
And when his Compliments he paid,
Ill-favour'd Scents the House betray'd ;
Her Eggs were scatter'd here and there,
And perishing for want of Care ;
In short, the whole disorder'd Scene,
Soon gave the cleanly Ant the Spleen ;
Quite sick of such a fine Outside,
Cur'd of his Passion, Home he hy'd ;
While she, alas ! is now the Scorn,
Of ev'ry Housewife in the Swarm.

The Swan and Gander, a Fable.

I'D fain instruct you, pretty *Bell*,
How you most others might excel;
The Lesson's short, and mighty easy,
I scorn with long Harangues to tease you;
Seem ignorant of what you are,
Is all you have to learn, my Fair!
For oh! It grieves me much to see,
Such Beauty lost in Vanity:
You're mighty pretty I'll allow,
But yet, proud Nymph! I've seen e'er now,
A Shape, an Air, a Lip, an Eye,
That with the stately *Bell's* might vie;
Your Air's majestic, Shape too fine,
But don't mistake them for Divine:
Ah! let not hateful Pride debase,
So fine a Form, so fair a Face;
Reflect if e'er the Grave and Wise,
Should once your Conduct scrutinize;
How poignant then your Grief to see,
A homely Maid preferr'd to thee;
Vouchsafe the Fable to peruse,
And profit by the Moral Muse.

Once on a Silver Stream a Swan,
Grand and majestic sail'd along;

Her

Her glossy Pinions proudly rear'd,
 Whiter than driven Snow appear'd;
 Waving with ev'ry wanton Gale,
 And form'd between, a downy Vale;
 In the reflecting Stream with Pride,
 Raptur'd to see her Shadow glide;
 In Ecstasy she oft would cry,
 Was ever Swan so white as I?
 No Mortal sure did ever see,
 So grand, so fine a Bird as me;
 No Brilliant Diamond e'er can vye
 With this same curious Chrystal Eye;
 Tell me what Architect can shew,
 So regular, so true a Bow,
 As is this arched Neck of Snow?
 What can surpass this Foot and Thigh;
 Alabaster this—that Ebony?
 Like to a Marble Pillar set,
 On Pedestal of blackest Jett:
 Fam'd *Leda's* Swan, why what was he?
 A simple Goose compar'd with me.
 An honest Gander feeding by,
 Listen'd, and heard this Rhapsody;
 Fir'd with Indignation, crys,
 " Your Pride I heartily despise;
 " A simple Goose, for aught I see,
 " May be as wise, forsooth, as thee:

The Swan retorts---“ As handsome too ; }
 “ You think, perhaps, these Praises due }
 “ To such a clumsy Bird as you :” }
 “ Ah ! cease, the Gander crys, in short,
 “ You’re vain beyond the Cure of Art ;
 “ But know, it is not my Intent,
 “ Proud Swan, to hold an Argument ;
 “ But if you will, I’ll here apply,
 “ To know who’s wrong, Ma’am, you or I.”
 An Owl then having perch’d before ’em,
 Grave as a Justice of the Quorum :
 “ Agreed, he cry’d, and Face to Face,
 “ Pray, Mr. Wisdom ! state the Case.”
 He fairly did ; when grave Sir *John*,
 Accosting thus the haughty Swan ;
 “ Ah ! void of Sense ! pray learn, he cry’d,
 “ Vain Boaster of a fair Outside !
 “ Who e’er submits to be a Tool
 “ To Vanity, becomes a Fool ;
 “ And Fools and Coxcombs all despise,
 “ All who are worth our Note---the Wise.”
 The Gander pleas’d, now smiling said,
 “ I think, good Ma’m, you seem dismay’d ;
 “ You see I’ve fairly gain’d my Cause,
 “ And justly merit some Applause ;
 “ But that a clumsy Bird like me,
 “ Must never hope to gain from thee.”

Stung

Stung to the Heart with this Retort,
Th' enraged Swan reply'd, in short,
" Rather than herd with such a Dunce,
" I'd rush on certain Death at once ;
" I scorn the Thought, I'd have you know,
" I am not fallen yet so low ;
" Before I'd live with such a Fool,
" I'd spend my Days in yonder's Pool ;
" Nay, I wouldn't see thy Face again,
" To swim sole Monarch of the Main."
Now fearful lest she should betray
Her Grief—she proudly sail'd away ;
To a retired Fountain came,
In Solitude to hide her Shame,
Where from her hated Rival free,
Alone she wail'd her Misery ;
On Death she call'd to ease her Pain,
She often call'd, nor call'd in vain ;
With Grief o'ercharg'd, th' expiring Swan
Began to chaunt her dying Song :
The Fountain now a while forbore,
Her bubbling Waters ceas'd to pour ;
The murm'ring Rill that stole hard by,
Stood list'ning to her Melody ;
Charm'd with her soft expiring Strains,
The loud Cascade its Fall restrains ;
In gentle Drops did Homage pay,
To this her last harmonious Lay ;

The

The feather'd Songsters all around,
 Attracted by the dulcet Sound;
 Flagg'd their little Wings, and cry'd,
 " Ah! see the sad Effects of Pride.

*Part of the Twelfth Chapter of the Second Book
 of Samuel render'd into Verse nearly verbatim.*

NATHAN received his Orders from above,
 To go to *David* and his Crime reprove;
 Attend great King! to what I shall unfold,
 And briefly thus the well wrought Fable told.

Two certain Men in one fair City dwelt,
 One Plenty cheer'd, Content the other felt;
 This rich in Numbers of the fleecy Flock,
 One little Lamb was all the other's Stock;
 Of Food and Cup the little Lamb had Share,
 The bleating Innocent his only Care;
 He lov'd it, fed it, laid it in his Breast,
 (The friendly Bosom fittest Place for Rest)
 Thus pleas'd and happy in his humble Store,
 He thank'd kind Providence, nor ask'd for more:
 It chanc'd a Traveller to the rich Man came,
 The Laws of Hospitality to claim;
 Received kindly by his wealthy Host,
 A welcome Guest but at another's Cost;

For

For his own Flock he spared, and with Haste,
 Killed the poor Man's Lamb for his Repast;
 Then *David's* Anger kindled at the Fact,
 His shudd'ring Soul disdain'd the fordid Act;
 Resentment shot like Lightning thro' his Eyes,
 The Man that's done this Deed, he surely dies;
 No Spark of gen'rous Pity in his Breast,
 Pleading within to spare the Poor distress;
 As for the Lamb, fourfold shall be restor'd——
 Thou art the Man, said *Nathan*——thus the Lord——
 I made thee King o're *Israel*, and from *Saul*,
 Turned the pointed Jav'lin to the Wall;
 Thy Master's House and Wives I gave to Thee;
Israel, nay *Judah* too at my Decree,
 Their Lord confess, and prostrate bow to Thee:
 If these my Favours had been thought too poor,
 For *David's* Sake I would have added more;
 Why hast thou then despis'd the Lord of Might,
 And done this Evil in thy Maker's Sight?
 With *Ammon's* Sword you took *Uriah's* Life,
 In wanton Lust you robb'd him of his Wife;
 The Sword, the brandish'd Spear, the fatal Dart,
 From *David's* future House shall ne'er depart;
 Thus saith the Lord, for this thy cruel Deed,
 Unnumber'd Ills and homebred Woes succeed;
 Thy Wives I'll take, and they shall yield their Charms,
 Their glowing Beauties to thy Neighbour's Arms;

Thou

Thou didst thy Crime with secret Care conceal,
I to all *Israel* will thy Shame reveal.
Thus self-condemn'd, oppress'd with conscious Woes,
With swelling Sighs his manly Bosom rose;
The streaming Eye confess'd the lab'ring Heart,
Repentant now and humble for his Fault;
I have sinned against the Lord——
Then *Nathan* thus——Your Lamentation cease,
Receive the Balm of Pardon and of Peace;
The Lord thy God hath heard thy humble Cry;
The Lord in Mercy saith, Thou shalt not die;
Howbeit, by this Offence thou'st given Cause,
Unto the Heathen to blaspheme my Laws;
My righteous Vengeance I will straight prepare;
To strike the Child thy Fondness fain would spare,
The just Decree as soon perform'd as spoke;
The destin'd Infant felt the fatal Stroke;
The tedious Night and melancholly Day,
In humble Sorrow *David* prostrate lay;
Besought the Lord with never-ceasing Pray'r,
To spare the Child, and *Israel's* future Heir:
The Elders kind Persuasions were in vain,
He touch'd no Bread, but nourish'd Grief and Pain;
But God in pity, ever kind and just,
Recall'd the Infant to its Parent Dust:
By Sighs and Whispers *David* learnt his Fate,
And chearfully resum'd his former State;

In haste from off the Earth's cold Bosom rose,
 He wash'd, anointed, chang'd with Joy his Cloaths;
 Into the awful House of God he came,
 And rendred Praises to his holy Name;
 His Servants wond'ring, said—the Child alive,
 You fasted, wept and persever'd in Grief;
 Now dead, you seem to triumph in your Loss;
 This is a Mystery to your Friends and us.
David then spake—While yet the Child did live,
 I fasted, wept, and did not cease to grieve;
 As God is gracious, so I did not know,
 But he in Pity would have spar'd the Blow;
 Now Grief is fruitless, Sighs and Tears are vain,
 Nor Sighs, nor Tears, will bring him back again;
 When I go hence I may the Dear One see,
 Never, ah! never will he come to me:
 In his glad Face now sparkling Joys appear,
 Of new Delights his *Bathsheba* must share;
Israel be glad, proclaim with cheerful Horn,
 Your Infant King, your *Solomon* is born.

The Forty-sixth Psalm.

GOD is our Hope and Strength, a present Aid,
 When threat'ning Dangers on all Sides invade;
 Altho' the Cloud-topt Mountains tott'ring shake,
 And ev'ry Hill with trembling Horror quake;

G g

Nay,

Nay, tho' those Mountains should be roll'd away,
And lodg'd amidst the Terrors of the Sea,
We will not fear———
The Rivers of the Flood at his high Will,
Shall glad the City of God——*Sion's* Hill
Shall ring aloud with Joy——the Holy Place,
Residence of his more immediate Grace;
God's in the midst of her, his Help alone,
Shall be her surest Stay, and that right soon;
The Heathen Pow'rs mov'd on in dread Array,
But God hath spoke, the Earth shall melt away;
The Lord of Hosts is with us in Distress;
The God of *Jacob* is our sure Redress:
Come hither and behold his Works, his Wrath,
Shewn in the mighty Ruins of the Earth;
He maketh universal War to cease,
And bids contending Nations be at Peace;
The Bow he breaketh, and the vengeful Spear,
In splint'ring Peices wounds the ambient Air;
The stately Chariots mourn their goodly Frame,
Burnt up, devoured in the greedy Flame;
Be ye still then, and know that I am Lord;
Among the Heathen I will be ador'd,
And no less Homage shall the whole Earth afford:
The Lord of Hosts is with us in Distress;
The God of *Jacob* is our sure Redress.

The Third Chapter of Proverbs.

MY Son! attend th' Instructions that I give,
And let them ever in thy Memory live;
So shall thy Life with Length of Days be crown'd,
And as thy Days, so shall thy Peace abound:
Let heav'n-born Mercy ever fill thy Breast,
And Truth be there an ever constant Guest;
Then shall thy Deeds with God Acceptance find,
And Men shall hail thee, Friend of Human-kind!
With steady Trust confide in God alone,
Upon his Judgment lean, and not thy own;
In all thy Ways acknowledge Him—he'll shew,
The Path most safe, direct the Way to go:
Let no vain Self-conceit so dim thy Eyes,
To puff thee up, and tell thee thou art wise;
But let thy Wisdom be to fear the Lord,
To fly from Evil, and revere his Word;
'Tis that shall keep thee from Distemper free,
And ruddy Health shall thy Companion be:
Honour thou him from whom thy Blessings flow,
Let thy First-fruits an Heart that's grateful shew;
So shall thy Feilds with Plenteousness be crown'd,
And with new Wines thy Presses shall abound;
Despise not thou the Chast'ning of the Lord,
Nor spurn the Blessings that his Stripes afford;

For whom he loveth, those he doth reprove;
These are the Marks of his Paternal Love;
In Anger pitiful, in Correction mild,
As the fond Father to his fav'rite Child:
Happy is he who Wisdom can attain,
And the rich Treasure of true Knowledge gain;
A Treasure far surpassing what the Coast
Of *Afric*, or rich *India's* Shore can boast;
Rubies and Diamonds are of Price less far,
In Value nothing when compar'd with her:
On her Right-hand do Length of Days attend,
Riches and Honours on her Left do stand;
Her Ways are Pleasantness, her Paths are Peace,
Where ev'ry Step we take, our Joys increase;
She is a Tree of Life, thrice happy Man!
Who holds her fast, and can her Gifts retain;
Behold the Glories of yon azure Sky,
Then to the Earth direct thy wond'ring Eye;
Wisdom all perfect did the Fabrick raise,
And Heav'n and Earth proclaim their Maker's Praise;
He spake——their destin'd Course the Depths pursue,
And Clouds obsequious drop their pearly Dew:
My Son! from Wisdom do thou ne'er depart,
And sound Discretion treasure in thy Heart;
So shall they add, while Years on Years do roll,
Grace to thy Neck, and Life unto thy Soul;
Then shalt thou walk securely in thy Way,
No guileful Passion shall thy Steps betray:

When

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid,
Thy Sleep be sweet, no frightful Dreams invade ;
Be not dismay'd, when Desolation wide
O'er takes the Wicked, for the Lord thy Guide,
Shall lead thee forth, thy Foot shall make full fast,
Until his righteous Vengeance be o'er-past :
Withhold not Good from them to whom 'tis due,
When in the Power of thy Hand to do ;
Let not the Poor distrest e'er sue in vain,
Put him not off, nor bid him come again ;
Say not To-morrow I'll thy Wants relieve,
With Joy embrace the present Now to give :
Hurt not the Man who in thee puts his Trust,
Nor give him Cause to say thou art unjust :
Strive not with him who never meant thee Ill,
Th' Oppressor envy not, nor approve his Will ;
For God abominates the froward Heart,
But to the Righteous doth his Will impart ;
Curses that House that hath his Laws withstood,
But Blessings fill the Dwellings of the Good :
Surely the Scorn, he shall ever scorn,
But Grace and Wisdom shall the Meek adorn ;
Honour and Glory shall attend the Wise,
But Fools on ignominious Shame shall rise.

The W I S H.

OUR *English Homer* in his Rhimes,
 Asserts our Notions change with Times;
 This Maxim granted, makes me doubt,
 When some few Years are whirl'd about,
 Whether my present System then,
 May not give Way to some new Plan:
 Now would the Gods not take amiss,
 What I've to ask, it should be this:
 Let me from vile Dependance free,
 Enjoy the Sweets of Liberty;
 Let no vain upstart Purse-proud Fool,
 Or o'er my Mind, or Person rule;
 Lording it with a thousand Airs,
Drawcanfir-like because he dares;
 Let no vile Knave with smooth Address,
 Deceive me cloak'd in Friendship's Dress:
 From lukewarm Friends, ye Gods! preserve me,
 Who'll nothing do—but wish—to serve me:
 My Fortune, Heaven! be it such,
 One nor too scanty, nor too much:
 Oh! let me in the Midway steer,
 And keep myself from Lawsuits clear;
 Placed some half-score Miles from Town,
 Where I could easily ride down;

I'd

I'd have a little Country Seat,
 One that is elegant and neat;
 No pompous Thing to strike the Eye,
 Of each Beholder passing by;
 But as fam'd *Horace* once did ~~say~~ *sing*,
Simplex munditiis be the Thing:
 Thus the exterior, then within
 All should be decent neat and clean;
 Yet still I other Notions have,
 Than to that Neatness be a Slave;
 No sawcy Servant there should lour,
 Give herself Airs, look crabb'd or sour;
 If I or Friend trod off the Matt;
 No, no, I would have none of that;
 Neither would I thus you treat,
 To make you pay for what you eat;
 No one should stare you in the Face,
 And seem to ask with awkward Grace;
 Or blund'ring on before you stand,
 Watching the Motion of your Hand;
 Nor an officious prating Fool,
 Nor fawning Wretch should there bear Rule.

When at my Leisure, void of Care,
 Books some Part of it should share;
 Antients or Moderns, Verse or Prose,
 As Inclination should dispose;
Pope, Dryden, Addison and Boyle,
 I own I should prefer to *Hoyle*;

Prior!

Prior! you should tell a Story;
 To tell a Tale there's none before thee:
 O! how thy *Emma's* striking Charms,
 Thy *Nutbrown Maid* my Bosom warms!
 Who can enough thy Beauties Praise,
 Thy happy, easy graceful Lays;
 When you in tuneful Numbers shew,
 That all is Vanity below?
Congreve! thy free Dramatic Page,
 Should trace the Foibles of the Age;
Shakespeare! thy Flights unrivall'd shew,
 What simple Nature once could do:
 Or on *Milton's* Wing I'd soar,
 Traverse thro' Worlds untrac'd before;
 Or with *Homer, Virgil* climb,
 Noting from them the true Sublime;
 Or *Horace's* genteelest Art,
 Should useful moral Truths impart:
Ovid, Tibullus, many more,
 Whom I've not Time to reckon o'er;
 Should all alternately take place,
 And be receiv'd with welcome Grace:
 But 'tis no Rule because I read,
 And now and then talk with the Dead;
 That I by Books should be engross'd,
 To ev'ry other Joy be lost:
 No——soon as the Morning's chearful Grey,
 Gleams thro' the Clouds, and hails the Day;

When

When with awful solemn State,
 All Nature hush'd, seems then to wait
 Light's grand Approach——
 All but the Cock, whose clam'rous Voice,
 Proclaims the same with shrilling Noise:
 Long e'er *Phæbus* gilds the Tops
 Of Mountains bleak, or drinks the Drops
 Of balmy Dews, which Heav'n does yeild,
 Long before that I'd take the Field:
 With Horse and Hounds would chase the Hare,
 Drink in large Draughts of vital Air:
 Horses and Dogs, a motley Shew!
 High mettld both with Ardour glow;
 With Nose sagace the sprightly Hound,
 Should trail her o'er the tainted Ground;
 Hark! hark! what Music in their Crys?
 How ev'ry Note doth higher rise!
 The Hills, the Dales, the Woods rebound,
 Re-echo warm the gladsome Sound:
 The Hare's gone off, I d'impel the Chace,
 Pursue her thro' each winding Maze;
 Her artful Shifts at length evade
 The eager Hound——the Tract she made,
 Now dubious grown---the Hounds at Fault,
 Now here, now there, now run, now halt:
 Hark! to *Rattler*——she's now in View,
 The joyous Dogs more close pursue;

H h

I

I cheer them on, away she flies,
 Men, Horses, Dogs too fly——she dies :
 Such Sports as these do Vigour give,
 And blest with that we truly live ;
 Return'd from these we better taste,
 Our Studies, or Love's sweet Repast.

Another Time, some other Morn,
 I'd range o'er Field that's newly shorn ;
 With Gun in Hand would softly steal,
Sancho attending at my Heel ;
 With wary circumspective Eyes,
 The little Family he spies ;
 He winds 'em, points me where they lie,
 The feather'd Folk disturbed fly ;
 The leaden Death conveys the Wound,
 A Brace falls whirling to the Ground :
 Alas! that we should owe our Joy,
 To what we wantonly destroy :
Sancho now gallops o'er the Field,
 And proud his best Respects to yield,
 With smiling Looks and fond Caress,
 Wishes me Joy of my Success :
 I thank him, pat his Head, and then
 With eager Haste I charge again :
 Thus on——till weary of the Roam,
 I call him off and seek my Home.

Sometimes I'd try my Greyhound's Pow'r,
 Give Puss due Law and let her scow'r ;

See!

See! o'er the extended Lawn she flies,
The Dog his utmost Effort tries;
With Speed as quick almost as Sight,
He strives to intercept her Flight;
Strains ev'ry Nerve to turn her back,
You'd think his very Eye-balls crack:
Puss, fond of Life, outstrips the Wind,
The Dog lies chopping close behind;
And now hard-run, she tacks about,
With Art evasive throws him out;
The Dog his Glee still adding Strength,
Recovers her within a Length;
Both now near spent with dubious Strife,
Puss gets to Cover, saves her Life.

When I am in less gayer Mood,
And more dispos'd for Solitude;
In the cool Decline of Day,
I'd to the Riv'let take my Way;
There to decoy the finny Race,
Their various Haunts and Holes would trace;
Under Pretence of proffer'd Good,
Would drag 'em from their native Flood;
Unless they cautiously beware,
And shun the fly intended Snare:
Ah! how too oft is this the Way,
That Men on one another prey:
Now Hopes and Fears alternate rise,
Suspend the Mind in equal Poise;

I feel him nibbling at my Hook,
I see him too, so clear the Brook ;
What various Turns, what Rounds he takes !
What different Attacks he makes !
How oft retreats ! the tempting Prize
Grows still more lovely to his Eyes ;
Lures him still on, he 'ttempts again,
But fear his Wishes doth restrain ;
'Till bolder grown, he takes the Bait,
Ventures too far, and meets his Fate :
So have I seen an heedless Youth,
Reluctant quit the Paths of Truth ;
'Till by Degrees he plunges on,
And finds too late himself undone.

Nor so engag'd in rural Sport,
Would I neglect the social Sort ;
Each honest Man should welcome be,
My Friends I should be glad to see ;
With them my Soul I would unbend,
With them the cheerful Ev'ning spend :
The sparkling Glass or friendly Bowl,
With temp'rate Mirth should tune the Soul ;
The Song with Sentiments refin'd,
Music should elevate the Mind ;
Freedom and Ease should here take place,
Politeness heighten ev'ry Grace ;
No Nonsense loud, or roaring Noise,
Should here confound our social Joys ;

No

No impious Jest should pass for Wit,
Nor fulsome Ribaldry unfit;
The mean, the low, ill-manner'd Sneer,
Should meet with no Reception here:
No Tale obscene should give Offence,
Betraying Want of better Sense;
No senseless Pun should Mirth excite,
Resolv'd to laugh, or wrong, or right:
Far hence be these mean vulgar Ways,
We want not these our Mirth to raise;
Let Fools and Blockheads count for Joys,
Such wretched Stuff, such empty Noise.

Neither I here my Joys would end,
Some of a softer Kind attend;
Visit the Circle of the Fair,
Th' Assembly gay and debonair:
O! how sweet the Morning Breeze,
Sweeter still the Talk of these;
To taste 'em both I would resort,
To *Putney*, *Dulwich*, or *Ruckholt*:
What various Scenes upon the Green!
The World in Miniature is seen:
Here Belles and Beaus, and Smarts and Wits,
Jostle with Quality and Cits:
See! here the Lady *Disbaille*,
There the modish *Ma'amoiselle*:
Here hoyd'ning Miss brimful of Laughter;
Miss of Threescore still hobbles after;

Smug

Survey the whole and look around,
What diff'rent Figuers may be found !
The Tall, the Short, the Young, the Old,
The Gay, the Grave, the Coy, the Bold :
—— See ! the affected vain Coquette ;
The Prude can't here her Airs forget :
Delia reserv'd, puts on Disdain,
Giving herself the greatest Pain ;
In vain she acts the mimic Part,
Her sparkling Eyes betray her Heart :
Proud *Flavia* with an haughty Grace,
Demands your Homage to her Face ;
Belinda with neglectful Air,
Consigns her Lovers to Despair :
Not that I would be thought to mean,
That nothing else fills up the Scene ;
No, no ; see ! what a blooming Grace,
Sits smiling on *Amanda's* Face ;
What Ease ! what unaffected Air !
Attends the lovely *Mira* there ;
Their native Charms disdaining Art,
At first Sight captivate the Heart :
No Pride, Ill-nature, there appear,
Affected Scorn, invidious Leer ;
Wit and Good-humour, ever gay,
In Loves and Smiles around them play :
O ! how sweet with these to walk,
O ! how sweet with these to talk ;

Or

Or blest with *Stella* to advance,
And join the rest in sprightly Dance :
Where Beauty and Politeness meet,
The Bliss must needs be then complete ;
Their Converse sure must raise the Mind,
Give us the Pleasure most refin'd ;
To the Fair Sex alone we owe,
The Sweets that from Politeness flow ;
Such Influence their Charms impart,
They soften and enlarge the Heart ;
They all our ruff'd Passions sooth,
They all our rugged Natures smooth ;
Insensibly by them refin'd,
We grow benevolent and kind.

Thus let me pass my Hours away,
Serene----or innocently gay ;
But still to taste the Sweets of Life,
Grant me, kind Heav'n ! a virtuous Wife ;
No domineering high-flown Dame,
Superiority to claim :
A Mistress some would sooner keep,
Than e'er with such a Vixen sleep :
In this Affair, it is most fit,
That chiefly Love the Knot should knit ;
A mere Wife's what I can't but hate,
Joyless and flat that wedded State :
Give me the She in whom contend,
The fairest with the faithful Friend ;

One

One whose beauteous Face invites,
 To taste of *Hymen's* sacred Rites ;
 One whose Virtue, Manners, Truth,
 Heighten the Charms of blooming Youth ;
 One whose Dress isn't all her Care,
 Not puzzl'd how t' adjust an Hair ;
 But whose polish'd well-drest Mind,
 Makes her amiable and kind :
 Now would, ye Gods ! but grant all this,
 I would not ask for farther Bliss :
 At this my conscientious Pray'r,
 Methinks I see your Godships stare ;
 Nay----if ye throw my Petition out,
 I know the worst—I will do without.



F I N I S.

M

